JOHN BULL, week ending JANUARY 24, 1942.

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1858

3D EVERY THURSDAY

JUSTICE v. HATE By the EDITOR

LAST WEEK OF £20,000 CONTEST

HITLER WRIGGLES by A.G.G.

Now is the time to protect your Child with this *Delicious*

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'Vimaltol' contains the vitamins A, B, C and D. The vitamins are supplied from specially prepared Malt Extract and Halibut Liver Oil, fortified with additional vitamins. The presence of vitamin C in combination with vitamins A, B and D is a special advantage.

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'Take *my* case.'

says Mrs. DOUBTFUL

"Take *my* case," says Mrs. Doubtful. "Up to a fortnight ago I was having 4 pints of milk a day, us being four in family if you count poor Auntie. Then suddenly they cut us to half, and one week even that was partly out of a tin. What are they doing with all the milk they're saving — that's what I'd like to know? And how do I get milk for Dad's duodenal?"

You've got the facts wrong, Mrs. Doubtful. There just isn't any "saving" in the way you mean. The cows aren't fifth columnists, but they give much less milk in the winter. Remember that all the priority milk users (the children and expectant mothers, and people with certain illnesses) have to be looked after first. So that means that *all the shortage must be borne by the rest of us who have no priority claims.* It's hard, but it's only fair; and you'll agree that to take away milk from the priority users would be harder still as well as unfair.

Another thing — there's been a big movement of population since the war, but the cows haven't moved along with it! So distribution is more complicated than it was. Then the demand for fresh milk has increased by as much as 30% while the dairy farmers have had their work cut out to keep milk production up to just about what it used to be — and a grand job they're made of it.

Now about Mr. Doubtful. The doctor can't give a certificate for more milk unless his patient is suffering from one of a list of diseases for which extra milk is essential. A duodenal ulcer is one of those diseases. It's because Dad and others like him must have more that the rest of us must be content with less.

We hope we've made it clear, Mrs. Doubtful!

FOOD FACTS No. 78. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

Let Dr Carrot protect you

"Call me in often enough, and you'll keep well," says Dr. Carrot. Vitamin A is essential to good health; and carrots are one of its richest sources. Thanks to the British farmer there's a grand crop.

Here's an attractive recipe that's new:

Carrot and Creamed Potatoes

Scrape and slice 1½ lbs. of carrots; cook till tender in ½ pint of water, with a teaspoonful of sugar and ½ teaspoon sweet herbs. Dish up and keep hot, saving the water. Melt a little dripping, thoroughly blend into it a tablespoonful of flour, gradually stir in carrot liquor. Cook until smooth and thick. Meanwhile boil and mash 1 lb. potatoes. Ring a dish with the mashed potato, put carrots in centre. Pour sauce over. A dish that looks good, tastes good, and is good.

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He's a "Weetabix" man. He owes his abounding energy, and sturdy constitution to Weetabix, a food he loves. This unique, energy-giving food, for young and old alike, contains the essential vitamin B.1, and the vital mineral salts of sun-ripened Wheat. It is wonderfully palatable and sustaining. No cooking. No waste.

And don't forget Weetabix can be eaten dry or with anything in the larder that is good to 'spread.'

Weetabix NOW—ONE SIZE ONLY 1/1

More Weetabix is being made, but if at times it is difficult to obtain, this is because more people are buying it.

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Excuse me— Inner Cleanliness comes first!

FIRST . Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.
NEXT . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity.
THEN : Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.
FINALLY . To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

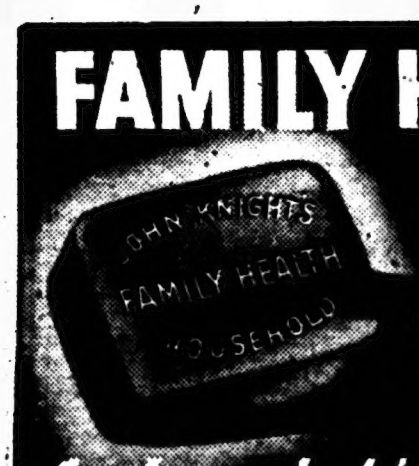
Andrews is always effective, because the quality is always the same. Prices: 10½d. & 1/6½d. including purchase tax.

ANDREWS

When days are cold many prefer Andrews with the chill off.

5E

FAMILY HEALTH comes first...



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WARTIME GUIDE FOR

BATTERY USERS

THE MOTORIST AND MOTOR CYCLIST

AVOID driving at night unless it is absolutely necessary. Motorists especially should remember that, when cornering, their headlamp beam leaves the road and creates a momentary blind spot. Be on your guard; approach every corner carefully at night.

Motor cyclists should keep to the proper side of the road, away from the near-side verge, especially on country roads where pedestrians may be walking. ★ Please spare your batteries as much as possible—give them even greater care and relieve pressure on a busy vital industry.

Exide BATTERIES

'Still keep going when the rest have stopped'

The Chloride Electrical Storage Company Limited, Grosvenor Gardens House, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

W.M.A.C. 23/42

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 24, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

HINTS from RUSSIA

● **The Russian trade union delegates don't talk politics. But they watch points. They know their trades, as they have worked in them and seen them developed in the Soviet Union.**

Going round our war factories, collieries and railway depots, they have mixed their appreciation with criticism and suggestions.

Most of the criticism comes from the fact that they see men doing what, in their opinion, women could do. Two examples:

In a great factory mass-producing clothes, they were surprised to see men working machines which they said women could work equally well.

In a railway shed they talked to women carriage cleaners and wanted to know why they were not being trained to drive engines.

Some, in their public speeches, have said bluntly that production in this country has not yet been brought to its peak.

Some have expressed surprise at working hours. They say that in Russia men and women work more hours and make greater sacrifices—though it must be remembered that we have learned by experience that very long hours do not, in the end, increase output.

They have also suggested changes in the method of working that would undoubtedly increase output, but for the prejudices of managements and trades unions.

These acute, observing Russians are grateful for the supplies that have been rushed to their country. They pay tribute to Britain's production effort for supplying all war fronts.

But they think it should be greater.

So does JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

STILL GOING SLOW

FIVE thousand workers heard a foreman's voice boom through the loudspeakers at lunch time the other day.

He was reading JOHN BULL's demand for the long-promised bombing offensive against Germany.

"The applause," we are told, "was deafening."

Full Stop

"If ever Sir Archibald Sinclair visits this aircraft factory," the foreman adds, "he will be asked, in plain Lancashire talk, where are those beautiful bombs that were boosted? Is he afraid they will hurt the poor old Jerries?

"If not, why has our 'non-stop offensive' come to a full stop?"

Now is the Time

We believe the impatience of those aircraft workers is shared by the whole nation.

We believe that all Britain is sick and ashamed of the Go Slow policy.

And, now that Mr. Churchill is back, we expect immediate action. Neither eloquence nor assurances will satisfy the people.

Still in Retreat

We have been caught napping in Malaya. Singapore itself is gravely jeopardised. There is little hope of good news from the Far East for some time to come.

We are not yet ready, it is said, to launch a full-scale offensive in the West.

Granted all that (though some of the official explanations are pretty thin), there is no excuse for our failure to restrict our offensive action to Libya.

Worry Him!

We must harass and worry the enemy elsewhere. We must stage diversions that will split up his forces. We should turn his methods against himself.

For his attack on Malta is intended to divert our African campaign. He is bringing back troops to France. Even the Far Eastern war is a diversion on a grand scale.

And two can play at that game.

Half and Half

Last year, we forced the *Luftwaffe* to disperse half its fighter strength around the R.A.F. targets in Western Germany. Thus we prevented its full strength from being flung against the Russians

But bad weather, it is said by our official apologists, brought our bombing offensive to an end.

JOHN BULL regards that explanation as a half-truth.

Grounded

Bad siting of aerodromes is largely responsible for the lull that has irked our bomber crews and irritated the public.

One big 'drome was built in a district notorious for its freak pocket of persistent fog. Another was laid down in a waterless area.

Others have been built on marshland, so the runways are under water for months on end.

Better Defences

Such mistakes cannot be remedied quickly. But they must not be repeated—and won't be if the Air Ministry engages the best experts available and is willing to pay them adequately.

There is something else that must be said about a resumption of our bombing offensive.

German defences, like our own, have been greatly improved. We shall need more long-range fighters to escort our bombers. Are they being produced in adequate numbers?

Sweep the Skies

Moreover, we should resume fighter sweeps over the Occupied Countries and thus divert still more of the enemy's strength.

We should seek to repeat the Fleet Air Arm's exploits of the Taranto type. Naval airmen have done wonders with obsolescent machines.

Give them modern 'planes and let them do still better!

Commandos' Chance

And we must develop the deadly banditry of the Commandos.

They have proved there are soft spots on the vast coastline of Occupied Europe. To defend every inch of that line is beyond even the Nazis' strength.

So let our Commandos keep busy; let them scarify the nerves of the enemy troops of occupation; let them bring hope to the conquered peoples!

Ignore Them

Ignore the fossilised fools who, from their Pall Mall armchairs, bleat that such tactics are not in the Sandhurst tradition!

Britons fight at their best in raids such as Drake and Frobisher might have organised. They take long to organise, these raids—but they add enormously to the enemy's troubles.

Increase them, and we shall drive him on to the defensive—we might even drive him out of Norway.

Harry the Japs!

Can we not extend the same tactics to the Far East? Must we continually retreat?

The Burmese-Thai border offers great scope for daring raids that would relieve the pressure on Malaya.

Our gallant allies, the Chinese and the Dutch, are displaying initiative that we are surely not too soft to emulate.

Jam To-day

Better small-scale action now than large-scale promises for 1943, 1944 and 1945!

This country is angrily tired of "jam to-morrow" and "jam next year, some time, never." It wants a little sweetness to offset the bitterness of to-day's war news.

Attack we must. And build we must!

Our Needs

This rich country of ours must be organised to build more of the implements of war and victory.

More ships. More weapons of all kinds. More 'planes—bombers, fighters and, above all, more tank-smashing aircraft.

Obstacles in the way of greater production must be swept away. If you know of any, write to JOHN BULL about it.

Co-operation

Many have been removed already, thanks to the public spirit of our readers and the quick attention paid to JOHN BULL's criticisms by the Ministry of Supply, the Ministry of Aircraft Production and certain other Whitehall departments.

But still there are reasons for scathing criticism.

Infamous Scandals

In too many factories are workers playing cards or sleeping because there is nothing else for them to do.

In too many factories, machines are idle at night. In some, they are equally silent by day.

Even in the aircraft factories, thousands of machines are wasted. Factories that could produce a hundred aeroplanes a week by expert management, produce only ten.

Disappointing

Nearly always, workers are blameless for the lag in our war effort. But not quite always.

Up in Glasgow, Mr. Bevin's scheme of guaranteed wages for dockers has not resulted in the quicker handling of cargoes and the quicker turning of ships nearly so much as was expected.

Not all the men have made a patriotic response.

Putting Them to Shame

Though there are now more than 6,000 harbour employees, as against 3,400 in pre-war days, the difference in output is microscopic.

True, the 600 dockers brought to the Clydeside from London are working magnificently. Cannot the local men do as well?

Can they not realise that if they let the country down now they will let themselves down after the war, when they will return to broken time and broken pay because the shipping companies will boycott an expensive port?

Standing By

Some of them operate the "stand by" system still. So a squad waits while another squad is working—thus reducing the working day by half.

Some want freedom to go to whatever dock they prefer, whether work is available or not.

They are the fiercest individualists in the land. But also they maintain a trade union that thrives on cast-iron restrictions, that admits new members at a minimum fee of £50 and gives preference to relatives of existing members.

Outcasts

Who can wonder that some English dockers have left the Clydeside rather than be treated as outcasts? Who can marvel that they have been appalled by the pilfering that costs one dock contractor alone at least £1,000 a week?

Part of the trouble, no doubt, arises from faulty supervision.

Officials assure us that the position is improving. Let us hope the improvement will be rapid.

Our Resolve

In every way, Britain must make a better effort.

We should resolve not to be outdone by our Russian allies. Let us decide to take the initiative this year—and to provide all the materials we shall require.

NEVER HAVE WE HAD GREATER NEED FOR ARMS. AND NEVER GREATER OPPORTUNITIES TO USE THEM!

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

CHIEF enemy within our gates is Waste. Waste of money, materials—and men.

Take the latter first. A doctor who has worked in South Wales for eighteen months tells us of a young miner who, at the age of 18, was stricken with heart disease.

That was eight years ago. Of course, he'll never work in the pit again. But his National Health card still describes him as "miner" and he still draws sick payment because he cannot follow his normal occupation.

Demoralising

Years ago, he should have been offered training in a new and lighter trade.

So should a man who has drawn benefit for *thirteen* years as a neurasthenic.

It is not their fault if perpetual idleness saps their morale. It is the fault of Officialdom, which, as we said recently, makes no serious effort to rehabilitate the disabled.

Now's the Time

And as our medical correspondent writes, "A considerable drive at these victims of circumstances would bring increased man- and woman-power to the State and renewed meaning and interest in life to the individual."

Exactly. There should be appropriate work available now for every disabled ex-Serviceman or ex-worker; the lack of it is the fault of the narrow-headed officials in the Ministries of Labour and Pensions.

Forced to Idle

Fit workers, too, are wasted. Two Essex munitions-trainees finished their course early in December, but are still waiting for work.

Official explanation is that the employment exchange is busy dealing with conscripted labour. So volunteers must stand aside!

Unwanted Skill

There is waste of skill, in these days when technical skill is all-important for our war production.

A youth trained by the Government as an aircraft fitter passed out with 98 per cent. marks. He volunteered for the R.A.F. as a fitter—but has been pitchforked into the Army.

Nothing to Do!

Again, soldiers trained for six months as motor fitters have been sent to a Scottish camp, where for three months they've had no fitting to do.

So the skill they acquired is slowly deserting them.

Seventeen Men

And again, though building labour is in great demand, no fewer than sixteen men and a foreman turned up to cement an Ilford man's Anderson shelter.

Those of them who worked took more than four hours on the job; then a lorry came to remove the surplus materials.

Thrown Back

There is waste of food, in these days of reduced rations.

At Colchester, recently, sprats were dumped for manure. The few available in the shops were priced at 7d. a pound—hardly a convenient price for housewives who have six or eight in family.

Nice for the Railways!

There is waste of transport. A young Cornishman, volunteering for the R.A.F., has been ordered to report at a Lancashire town for interview—and given a miserly 4s. to cover his expenses.

Multiply that little example by tens of thousands in the Services and industry, and you'll get an idea of how the State helps to crowd the railways.

Formality Runs Riot

Paper? There's plenty of that to waste. One dealer complains of receiving 600 circulars from the Ministry of Food.

One consisted of 19 pages; another took ten pages to tell him how to sell a sack of bran, though it was so full of official jargon that he couldn't understand it.

But it all provides work for needless officials!

Total War!

Petrol? It is squandered lightheartedly, though brave men have risked their lives to transport it across the oceans.

It was used to drive those large horse-boxes that took horses to a "meet" in Kent the other day.

It is used to drive those high-powered limousines that take the "huntin' folk" to "meets" in many other counties.

Fuel No Object

It is used to drive a sixteen-seater 'bus that takes eight workers—all of whom have cycles—to a semi-Government store near a Scottish town.

When it is returning empty, the driver dare not give a lift to wayfarers for fear of losing his job.

In the Mud

Money, of course, is still wasted by the ton.

Last summer, when even bogs were dry, a sawmill was built near a Scots plantation. Ideal site would have been a level strip of land with access to a good road. Instead, to the villagers amazement, it was built on a near-by strip that in winter is a quagmire, so now the mill is almost engulfed by mud.

JOHN BULL declares that all these instances are typical, not exceptional, instances of the waste still prevalent in war time Britain.

Big Pickings

Need we say that this confusion of effort provides a good picking for middlemen?

While nine tons of manure were in transit, the load was sold from one firm to another, then to a third, and finally to a fourth.

Three of those firms had never seen or handled it. But, of course, they drew commission on the deals.

Parasites

Britain is a country infested with middlemen.

Some are necessary. Hordes of them should be forced into work where they could aid rather than fleece the community.

Now in Jail

And is the country helped by sending Albert Perry to jail for ten months?

He is a conscientious objector who refused to undergo a medical examination.

A grave offence? Perhaps. But this young man was a full-time land worker on food production, did a minimum of twelve hours a week as a voluntary stretcher-bearer at a Manchester hospital, and did another twelve hours fire-watch.

JOHN BULL maintains that he should be released from jail to continue helping the country.

Dodgers

We shall continue to argue, too, that war industry should not be deprived of key-men by the new call-up. We are no less concerned lest it shelters Army dodgers.

In one war factory, clerks are given high-sounding titles to save them from military service. Three inexperienced young men have suddenly blossomed into "deputy works managers"—so there are now four managers instead of one.

Gone Astray

The Army Post Office has a mighty difficult job that, on the whole, is well done. But not entirely.

A reader has sent fifty-three letters (including thirteen by air mail at 1s. 3d. a time) to her husband on the Gold Coast. He has received two. Of three cables she has sent, one has reached him.

He's worrying for lack of news. Yet she receives his letters without trouble.

Imposition

Army pay, of course, is an unfailing source of complaint and irritation.

About the worst injustice we can imagine is an alleged imposition on men of the Royal Scots who, in June, 1939, were fed by a private caterer.

The firm apparently charged too much, and we understand that the men are having to make good the deficit—two and a half years later—which will leave some of them £4 or £5 in debt.

Distant Shopping

By contrast, it's good to hear that the Y.M.C.A. is continuing its Christmas shopping scheme for Middle East troops.

Father puts up the cash, states what gift he'd like to buy for his boy's birthday present—and the present is bought in Britain and posted to little Johnny.

Investigate!

One old soldier tells us that his soldier son, still under canvas here in Britain, has not been issued with any winter underclothing and cannot change his worn-out garments.

We have found the War Office eager to investigate such reports. And we'll see that this one receives quick attention.

Fire Guard Muddle

So numerous are the muddles in the new fire guard system that many readers feel it might as well be abolished.

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, as Britain's fire guard chief, promises us that she'll put right any muddle.

If your local council is making a hash of the scheme, write to us and we'll get Miss Wilkinson to do the rest.

In a Mess

A far greater muddle, it seems to us, hampers social services.

The "needs test" as laid down by the 1941 Act is undoubtedly the most generous yet adopted. But it is confined to the Unemployment Assistance Board scheme.

It does not cover the large section of our poor population living on Public Assistance grants or welfare allowances from local government bodies.

Reform Wanted

So old age pensioners under the control of the U.A.B. are much better off than their fellows who have to seek local relief.

An able-bodied man will get generous unemployment pay, but if he falls sick and has to go on the local Public Assistance roll his income is seriously reduced—if not entirely eliminated.

Local authorities want the Government to apply the 1941 Act to the Poor Law bodies. So does JOHN BULL.

It's Subtle

Provincial newspaper editors seem to be swallowing a subtle form of Nazi propaganda.

The enemy is feeding them with group pictures of British prisoners in Germany. His best photographers have been mobilised for the job, and the pictures show smiling and contented men who seem to be wearing particularly good clothes, including thick overcoats.

We hope they are typical of all the German camps.

Behind the News

- **King Christian of Denmark has threatened to abdicate if Quisling Foreign Minister Scavenius attempts to override him. Berlin, too afraid to risk another crisis, has given way.**
- *Nazi psychologists are examining boys of fourteen to find talent for* Luftwaffe *and mechanised units.*
- Nazis have stopped Czech recruitment even for labour corps in Russia. Desertions have enabled formation of two Czech divisions for the Soviet armies.
- **Transformation of Eritrea into Middle East arsenal is so far ahead of schedule that many 1943 plans are expected to be put into operation next Spring.**
- *Even increased Nazi tank output has failed to keep pace with losses in Russia. Hitler has ordered 10 per cent. of all other munition plant to be adapted to tank production, but hard steel alloys are getting very short.*
- Russian reoccupation of industrial areas has given present of new machinery brought up by Nazis to "revitalise" the scorched earth!
- **Iron and steel output in India is now the world's greatest outside America.**
- *Mysterious falling off in Rumanian oil wells is causing anxiety in Berlin. Yes, sabotage is the reason.*
- High Nazi officers are fighting one another in a mad scramble to obtain appointments to the many posts vacated by Hitler's wholesale dismissal of German field generals.
- **Secret supply line for Serb army under General Michailovitch has been opened. Materials and 'planes are reaching him, among them British.**
- *His guerillas are now actually hampering Nazi preparations to attack Turkey from Bulgaria. Nazi troop trains have been wrecked, supplies captured.*
- Watch Italian reactions to assumption of complete powers over Italian military forces by Nazi General Geissler. There'll be an explosion of Italian hate one day!

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

JUSTICE *versus* HATE

NOW that the United Nations, great and small, have all declared their resolve to punish Axis criminals as they deserve, let us get our minds clear about the whole question of retribution for war atrocities.

Millions of people have overwhelming cause to hate the butchers trained to murder by "Hitlerism."

But when the day of reckoning dawns, what do we want—barbaric revenge or stern justice; the wild anarchy of hate let loose or the re-establishment of the rule of law?

We cannot have both—and that is why the leaders of the free peoples are preparing now for collective AND INTERNATIONALLY LEGAL action against the men who have broken the laws of God and man alike.

Roosevelt and Churchill established the just retribution of the guilty men as one of the Allied war aims set forth in the Atlantic Charter of October 25, 1941.

Then at the beginning of this month came the Molotov Note on Russia's attitude to the inhuman invaders of her territory. This Note is the most terrible indictment of organised savagery ever placed upon official diplomatic record.

Nevertheless, Russia continues to draw a distinction between the Nazi gangsters and the German people, as witness the concluding paragraph of the Note itself, which reads:

In reporting all these atrocities . . . the Soviet Government declares that it lays all the responsibility for the inhuman and rapacious acts committed by the German troops *on the criminal Hitlerite Government of Germany.*

In other words, though Russia will neither forget nor forgive the criminal acts against her citizens, she intends to uphold and not to overthrow the rule of law.

Last week's conference at St. James's Palace, with its important declaration signed by the representatives of nine cruelly oppressed peoples and approved by observers representing Great Britain, the United States, Russia and China, has set the seal upon the Free World's adherence to justice and repudiation of indiscriminate hate.

JOHN BULL asserts without fear or favour that this definition of our retributive war aim was vital to our cause. It was high time to confront and fight the undisciplined clamour for "giving the enemy a taste of his own medicine."

SEARCH your minds and examine your hearts. Are *you* among those who want to punish "Germany" by wanton destruction and the mass slaughter of civilian populations?

If so, you are not fighting for freedom and for justice; you are not seeking to build a new world in which all law-abiding peoples may live in happiness, security and enduring peace.

There is no softness in JOHN BULL'S attitude to the guilty men. They must be punished as they deserve, but only "through the channel of organised justice."

After the last war we made the mistake of letting the criminals go scot-free. We weakened the law because we did not enforce it. We left the German warmongers with the terrible and dangerous impression that they could, in fact, "get away with murder."

That mistake must not be repeated; and we are profoundly thankful that the St. James's Palace Declaration has in this respect established a new principle of international law.

What is this principle? Simply that in future no war criminal will be able to shelter solely behind the old excuse that he was acting under orders from his superiors.

It remains a fact—and one vitally important to a true and proper understanding of our cause—that the major enemies of humanity are not the tools of an evil régime, but its leaders; not the men who actually pillage and murder and destroy, but the cold and merciless scoundrels who have chosen pillage, massacre, and destruction as a deliberate policy.

The lesser villains must doubtless pay the penalty for the crimes they have zestfully committed under orders, but the greater lawbreakers must be arraigned before some world tribunal, tried in the sight of all mankind and sentenced upon conviction to just punishment—even death.

Indeed, as one of the delegates to the St. James's Conference declared: "The only effective remedy *must* be collective."

JOHN BULL, looking beyond the emergencies of total war to the longed-for era of total peace and reconstruction, goes much further than this.

We count upon the United Nations of to-day to remain the United Nations of the new world order which all sane men and women want to establish.

We maintain that it is not enough to plan now for the punishment of convicted international criminals, but that we must also plan to prevent international crime.

For lack of that planning, for lack of united, courageous and unselfish police action by the law-abiding peoples, the curse of Hitlerism was loosed upon humanity.

Had we enforced the rule of international law when Japan left the League of Nations and made her infamous attack upon China, had we scotched the Italian brigandage in Abyssinia instead of trying to hold it up with sanctions at half-cock, humanity might have been spared its present dreadful ordeal.

All the world has suffered intolerable anguish at the hands of the evil men, and nothing but an International Court acting upon a new International Code of law can satisfy the world's demand for their just and condign retribution.

WE in these islands have never known the horrors of invasion and, by the continued mercy of Providence, we may never know them.

But we went to war in the first place because we could no longer suffer the breakers of international law to work their wicked will upon peaceful neighbours and harmless peoples.

Our enemies have observed no rules in their warfare upon us. They broke the promises they had made. They began the bombing of open towns which was expressly forbidden by The Hague Convention, and we know that they will stick at nothing in their last desperate efforts to bring us down.

Even so, if we face facts honestly and think clearly as free men should, we *know* that blind hate offers no salvation to suffering humanity.

Wherefore we must seek justice and ensure it.

If we should be spared the extreme sufferings that our friends have undergone, let us in the day of victory use all our wisdom and our strength to ensure not only the punishment of the wrongdoers, but also the protection of the helpless and the deliverance of the oppressed, whoever they may be and wherever they may be found.

This Story Should Make Some People Blush

By a MERCHANT SEAMAN

I HAVE been thirteen years at sea.

As a member of the Merchant Navy, I helped with the Dunkirk evacuation.

In the course of bringing to this country the stuff you expect to get for your ration coupons I have taken part in a certain number of "episodes," about which I don't wish to boast.

We Merchant Seamen do not boast. That poster showing our badge over the words "Heroes All" was not of our choosing.

* * *

But I do not want to write about the thrills or dangers of life at sea.

I want to write about my leave—a few short days of holiday with my wife.

We docked at a lonely spot early on a cold, bleak day.

We had to travel forty miles by 'bus to what must surely be one of the coldest and most isolated railway stations in Britain.

There was a solitary hotel which seemed to have been taken over by soldiers going on leave.

We could not get service, even by pushing our M. N. badges under the noses of the staff.

Unless you wear a uniform you cannot be doing anything in this war. Unless you wear bell-bottom trousers you cannot be a sailor.

You may be twelve hours at your gun. You may play hell with the Germans as the ship's gunner. It doesn't seem to matter.

Ordinary crew ratings possess no uniform—just an ordinary civilian suit.

Well, a train came in. It was a train that could have taken us to our destination. But, no.

"This is a Service train—for soldiers, sailors, airmen and women in uniform. Services only!"

So we had to wait for an hour and a half in rain and cold. No fire in the waiting-room.

At last we reached a main-line station. As our connecting train left almost immediately, there was no time for a meal.

It was 4 o'clock when I reached home.

* * *

Merchant seamen have no clothing coupons, but I had been issued with a chit to buy anything I needed.

Since my wife had used some of the family coupons to send me a few things, I thought I would repay by getting her a pair of shoes which she badly needed.

We found the shop and we found the shoes. My wife's face was lit up. I presented my chit.

"Sorry," said the assistant, "but we even have to refuse men in uniform!"

I went to the Board of Trade Shipping Office. An official gave me scant courtesy.

I explained that my wife's clothing coupons had gone on me. "She's out of luck," he laughed. I asked whom I might write to. "Write to whom you like," he said.

* * *

Nearly impossible to get cigarettes because they were kept for regular customers at most shops.

Twenty yards away from one shop where I was refused was one of our M. N posters. "Heroes All!" And I wore my badge!

There's just the same difficulty in getting other things—particularly food not covered by ration coupons, as you reported in a recent issue of JOHN BULL.

Seems queer when you reflect that we of the Merchant Navy are always being thanked—with words!—for often going through hell to bring the stuff here!

Back now with my shipmates, I hear them say: "*And* I'm glad to be back, too. Why, you can't even buy anything if you're only a Merchant Seaman."

There it is. Grousing? If you like.

But surely it is time people began to understand what the badge "M. N." does mean and give us a fair deal.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. LORD MOYNE, Secretary of State for the Colonies

MY LORD,—You have told us why we cannot strike in the West. Will you not now tell us why we were caught napping in the East?

You have poured scorn on the critics of your fellow-Ministers. Perhaps you will deign to answer the grave criticism of your own Department.

And it will take more than disdain or comforting platitudes to remove the shame aroused by reports from Singapore.

I am not referring to the military situation. You cannot be held responsible for that.

But you must accept responsibility for the utter incompetence of the civil administration.

It was criminally slow to adopt the "scorched earth" policy in Malaya.

At Penang, twenty ships were left for the Japanese to use as troop-carriers. So were six months' supply of rice and two months' reserves of tinned milk.

Docks and factories were left intact—for use against us.

Their destruction should have been ordered by the military authorities. But that is no excuse for the lack of action by the civil authorities.

At Singapore, impartial observers report, there is an equally grave reluctance to face the realities of war.

Only now are air raid shelters being built, though Government spokesmen have boasted of the city's "invulnerability" for months.

Last week an American radio correspondent was barred from the air. His broadcasts, it seems, were too realistic to please the Blimps and blunderers in high places.

He and other Americans had refused to pander to official wishes by talking of "clouds of fighters" and "fine aerodromes."

They couldn't see any clouds of 'planes. The 'dromes they saw were covered with mud—as muddy, I suspect, as the minds of your subordinates in the Far East.

It is said that the selfishness of the rich, the blindness of the vested interests in Malaya, prevented the raising of adequate taxes to provide proper defences against attack.

That may be so. But I call upon you to explain why your officials allowed themselves to be intimidated by private individuals who preferred drinking to defence; and why, when attack came, your officials continued to keep their eyes tightly shut.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTOR-GENERAL, Army Medical Services

DEAR GENERAL,—Whatever their illness, soldiers entering military hospitals are not allowed meals on the first day; they must be content with a cup of milk until their rations can officially be drawn on the second day.

This fantastic flummery cannot always be in the patient's interest; nor is it in the country's interest to save a few pence at the expense of sick men. So I look to you to effect the remedy.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSTONE, Trimpley, near Kidderminster

SIR,—What sort of man are you?

A London woman and her boy were billeted in your house. You put them into a small room and forbade them to have a fire, though the woman offered to buy the coal herself.

She was not allowed to use the kitchen for cooking, but was told to make do with an oil stove in a shed.

And when you were summoned, you got off because your solicitor argued that householders were not compelled to provide either cooking or heating facilities for evacuees.

But if you are pleased with yourself in consequence, I hope this publicity will not be to your liking.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—On your desk are quite a batch of resolutions from town councils. They all protest against the autocracy, extravagance and bungling of the new Fire Service.

They tell of high appointments for men with no previous experience of fire-fighting, and of other scandals first exposed by me.

A Bolton councillor reports that the fire commander in his city has suddenly had his salary increased from £540 to about £1,150.

In the same town, a staff of some 75 clerks at area headquarters is to be doubled. There, as elsewhere, fire officers are said to be squandering petrol by needless car journeys.

Such reports should make unpleasant reading for you. Unless, of course, you are blind as well as deaf to criticism.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILSON JAMESON, Britain's Chief Medical Officer

DEAR SIR WILSON,—You'll remember that, months ago, parents were advised to have their children immunised against diphtheria "with all speed."

Well, in some parts of the country—from Cornwall to Cumberland—the children have been waiting ever since upon the health officer's convenience.

What's wrong? Are the medical officers too busy to carry out the scheme "with all speed"? If so, why not enlist the aid of private doctors?—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS, N.A.A.F.I.

GENTLEMEN,—There is, apparently, no limit to the capricious dictatorship of your officials.

One of your Yorkshire employees has just been fired because his father is Dutch. You insist on being "British through and through," yet the man's father is working at a British aerodrome and his brother is in the British Army.

Anyhow, aren't the Dutch doing their bit in this war?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. R. GRENFELL, M.P., Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—Lord Askwith's scheme would end a scandal that I have bitterly criticised for years.

Large sums of money are left over from funds raised by the public long ago for pit disasters. They should be made available, as he suggests, for the dependants of those who lose their lives in minor pit accidents.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—You are wise to encourage the breeding of dairy and store cattle and hill sheep. But why do you not ban the slaughter of veal calves?

Again, though foresight is shown by the recent special ration for chicks up to eight weeks old, there is still a blind reluctance to process swill and scraps as pig and poultry food.

This processed food ought now to be available through regular dealers to the small commercial poultry men who have been almost squeezed out of business. But many local authorities are slacking, and I urge you to whip them into compliance with your recent Order.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Plymouth

GENTLEMEN,—You are, I trust, alone in your folly. It will surely stagger many city councils as well as your own ratepayers to know you have spent £750,000 on war damage repairs without written contracts.

One of your contractors has been fined for overcharging you. I'm not surprised.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. DAVID MARCESSON, M.P., Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—On the ice-bound tracks of Iceland, two R.A.S.C. drivers were involved in an accident. They had received only ten hours' driving instruction before leaving England for Iceland!

Nevertheless, one has been fined £3 and the other £2—sums that leave a big hole in a married soldier's pay.

I think this case should be investigated—don't you?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. H. INCE, Director of Man Power

DEAR SIR,—I say again that the available labour is not being used to the best advantage. There is waste of skill, waste of transport and waste of morale.

Listen to a typical example. Two Glasgow girls had found war work in that city. But officialdom refused to allow them to start, and bundled them off to Birmingham.

On arrival, no billets—or breakfast—awaited them. They made shift with tea and a biscuit until dinner time. Then, sent to dirty lodgings, they were given a plate of greasy soup. Tea consisted of tea and bread; with the same fare next day.

They and other Scots girls clubbed together and went back to Glasgow in disgust. Now, denied their green card, they are workless and may be prosecuted. Yet Birmingham girls are being sent to jobs in Scotland!—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Clothes—and the Woman

OLD clothes, like old friends and old books, are best. I have never yet put on a new suit without feeling somewhat self-conscious or ill at ease.

Therein we men differ from women, whose self-confidence in a new and attractive dress is superb.

Because of that, I doubt whether many women will pay much attention to Sir Thomas Barlow, Director of Civilian Clothing, when he stresses the importance of utility clothing in sustaining public morale.

If manufacturers and designers, said Sir Thomas, produced utility dresses with reasonable variations it was more than likely that there would be a pleasant shock.

Like Old Friends

I do not propose to give you a dissertation on old clothes, although a glance at my "wardrobe" is convincing proof of my ability to write with authority on the subject. But I cannot resist the temptation to quote Laigle from *Les Miserables*:

"I should hope my coat is old," he said. "That's why we agree so well, my coat and I. It has got all my wrinkles; it doesn't bind me anywhere; it has fitted itself to all my deformities; it is complaisant to all my movements; I am only conscious of it because it keeps me warm. Old coats are just like old friends."

Yet try to impart this sartorial philosophy to your wife; tell her just how valued an old friend is her winter coat (four years old, sale price £4 4s. and a great strain on the housekeeping).

Woman's ingenuity in things that matter—these include dressing herself and her children—is a quality which makes me wonder.

I had a dressing-gown—a warm, woolly dressing-gown—a treasured old friend who on many a chilly morning warmed my hurried dash to the bathroom. When the "blitz" came, the old friend was taken over by my wife as just "good enough for the shelter."

Transformation Scene

I didn't wear the dressing-gown again. But the other day baby was preening herself in a "new" siren suit, complete with zip-fastener and pixie hat.

And to a crowded 'bus an hour later she was proudly proclaiming that the suit used to be "daddy's dressing-gown."

Before the war, poor mother would have felt humiliated and ashamed: would imagine herself as a poverty-stricken slave of the needle. But in the 'bus women looked admiringly and not without envy at the result of my old friend's transformation.

And so, utility clothes or not, the women of this country will sustain public morale, as they have been doing ever since the war began.

By the time utility dresses appear on our womenfolk they will have been so adorned, so altered, so embellished, that the pleasant shock will come to Sir Thomas and his designers, and not to the women themselves.

Men will continue to wear, without complaint, suits (circa 1935-38), patched-up shirts and well-darned socks. And why not? This war has been a blessing to the man who loves the feel of old clothes and the ease of well-worn shoes.

So don't worry about clothes and morale, Sir Thomas. Leave it to the women!

When U-boat Met Lucky Cecil

★ HAROLD A. ALBERT, continuing his story of how our submarines are striking harder and harder, introduces you to Lieutenant Cecil Crouch—and the *Thunderbolt*. You'll remember her as the ill-fated *Thetis*, but after reading how Crouch changed things you will understand why he is called lucky Cecil

THE sturdy, merry crew of H.M. Submarine *Thunderbolt* never voiced the thought, but in the Trade more than one man called her a hoodoo ship.

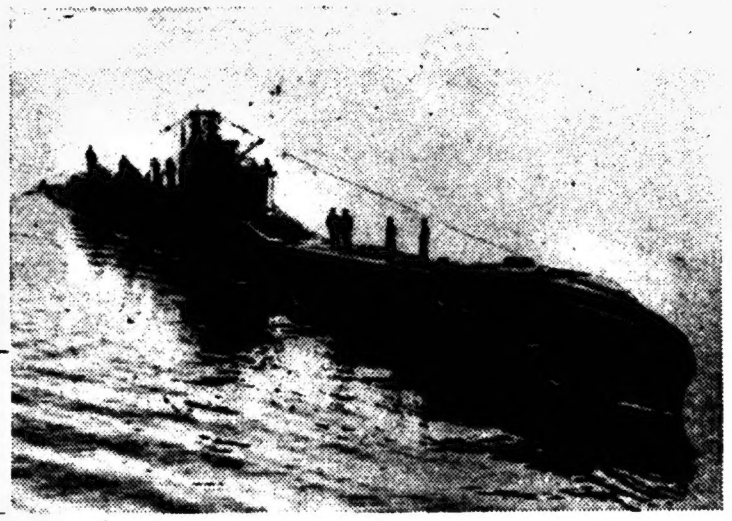
Patrol after patrol she went silent, secret and watchful on her course . . . without sighting anything worth squirting the mouldy.

When the strain of waiting for opportunity grew sterner, her ratings began to bet that there'd be a "catch" next time out. And they lost their money.

Hoodoo ship?

Four months before the outbreak of war their submarine had lain at the bottom of Liverpool Bay with the men aboard her dying in painless coma. She had failed to surface after a trial dive. For weeks and months all attempts to raise her seemed foredoomed to failure.

The ill-omened name on her bows had been *Thetis*.



Thunderbolt, not unnaturally, was looked on as rather a hoodoo ship. It was—but only for one of Mussolini's big U-boats!

In normal times the salvaged hulk might have been consigned to the scrap-heap, but before her stern saw daylight war had become grim reality.

The *Thetis* could ill be spared. She had cost £350,000, and an Admiralty inquiry established that no fault existed in her structure or design.

Months later, when the *Thunderbolt* entered the lists against Hitler, her fresh-gleaming paintwork obliterated the horror of her past incarnation.

Save for the hoodoo. . . .

Fireworks to Come!

Perhaps when Lieutenant Cecil Crouch stepped aboard the *Thunderbolt* as her commander fireworks were predestined. From the days in his 'teens when he had trained in the *Worcester* and served aboard the *Repulse*, he had worked just for this—the feel of his hands on the horizontal handles of a periscope in one of the largest submarines of the Service.

Maybe the hoodoo never existed. Maybe the *Thunderbolt's* lack of success was part due to patrols in waters avoided by enemy shipping. You can chalk a lot up to coincidence. But when a good-luck sailor joins a bad-luck ship you can expect excitement.

Through the estuaries and lochs that form the Trade's yarning grounds, Crouch-luck was already proverbial. Trouble never caught up with him. Fate steered him clear with a polite, "After you, Cecil!"

Serving in the early days of the war with the *Seahorse*, he'd passed unscathed through service which even the Admiralty called "particularly hazardous." When, one day, the *Seahorse* failed to return to its base, Crouch's luck stood. He'd been with his wife and baby that trip, on leave in Scotland.

Then, talking of Crouch luck, after he had been transferred to the submarine *Swordfish*, that craft actually won with Lieutenant Cowell the glittering submarine laurels of sinking an anti-submarine vessel!

Heeling over in a smother of foam and taking another tack down Channel one October day, a Nazi E-boat scouted for prey with her torpedo tubes ready for action.

She was streaking at 30 knots, and, comforted by the protective German guns ranged on the French coast, the German skipper doubtless felt completely secure as he scoured the sea with his glasses for a sight of anything sinkable.

Lying only a few yards away, despite the persuasive Crouch touch aboard, Cowell could not help but anticipate a mortal blow for his submarine.

Keeping his periscope low against the lapping race of white horses, he had to think fast. In split seconds, the E-boat would either have shot out of sight or the Nazis would have spotted the *Swordfish*.

Quietly, the young commander ordered the coxswain to alter course. In a hornet's nest of danger, his only chance was to travel unseen to the reckoned position whence, on a converging track, his tin fish would have the maximum chance of striking home.

"Prepare to fire in ten seconds! One! Two. . ."

Cowell brought his ship so near that the E-boat had no time to dodge or retaliate. The rocketing as the torpedoes sped on their way was instantly followed by the crash of the explosion and the mosquito craft sank like a stone.

A month or two later, it was the turn of the *Swordfish* to pay toll, and she was posted overdue. Yet once again Lucky Crouch had left the ship just before her last voyage.

No one will ever know whether his assignment to the *Thunderbolt* was chance or deliberate design, but the atmosphere was tense as Crouch edged his new ship towards a base in enemy-occupied territory.

A Wisp of Smoke

They were in waters where surface craft were seldom seen. Perhaps the best they could hope for was to turn back a U-boat from its temerous zigzag path athwart the Atlantic.

Hour by hour, as Crouch and his second vainly glued their eyes to the round glass, the crew grew despondent. And suddenly the second officer cried:

"A wisp of smoke, sir!"

Crouch took the periscope.

"Only a trawler," he said. "No, two! No, three! Armed, I should think. There's something with them. Something queer!"

He glanced at the silhouettes of enemy craft pasted on his overhead lamp, but gained no clue. His face strained and set, he watched.

"Gosh!" he yelled. "it's an Italian submarine! They're fussing around her and she's making for port!"

It needed Crouch to steal to within target range of such a prey. Aboard the three trawlers dozens of eyes were watching for possible trouble. It needed every atom of Crouch's nervous energy and wits to creep nearer and raise his 'scope so gently that it stirred not a feather of spray.

Exit a U-boat

"Slow both motors!"

The torpedo shuddered away, and Crouch looked again. Endless minutes slipped past. Every second his periscope might be seen.

He saw the column of water rise high into the air from the Eytie U-boat long before the explosion crashed through the sea, and the trawlers began to depth-charge for dear life.

Still Crouch took another peek.

Slowly a curtain of smoke and spray parted to reveal one end of the enemy shark sticking steeply out of the water. Then she swirled downward.

The *Thunderbolt* crash-dived. Down came the depth-charges and Crouch grinned. The trawlers were giving the game away. The U-boat would not have dived with depth-charges dropping near by, so she had certainly sunk!

Presently, when the hydrophones indicated no further danger, Crouch gave an order.

"Splice the main brace!"

It was more than a toast as the men of the *Thunderbolt* raised their mugs. It was the end of bad hunting.

A week or two later, in a pleasant little house in Deal, Lieutenant Crouch's parents heard the good news.

"That lucky young Cecil of ours," they said, "he's at it again!"

EUROPE'S WOMEN FIGHT THE SWASTIKA

"MOTHER had gone without her rations for weeks to supply me with provisions, and my sister had knitted a warm new outfit for me."

A Norwegian boy who had escaped from the Nazis to join King Haakon's Free Forces in Britain gave this instance of the women's part in the Norwegian struggle against the Nazis.

It is the same all over Europe, where women carry on the fight against Nazism in their own particular way.

★ ★ ★

There is the silent war of the girls of Prague, which has isolated the Nazis in a cold ring of hatred and contempt.

Nazi officials and Nazi soldiers, who are always trying to establish contact with the local girls, salute them politely as they pass them in the streets.

The girls never even bother to move their heads to look in another direction. They simply see through them.

But many Czech women are not content with simply ignoring the Nazis. We tend to think of "men only" when we read of sabotage in Czech munition factories.

But those 20,000 shells for the Nazi army which proved to be duds were filled by Czech women in an annex of the big Skoda works!

After such experiences the Nazis expected a pleasant change when they took Paris, the paradise for a "ladies' man."

Maybe some of them think they are really lucky. German officers have, on some occasions, enjoyed the company of beautiful French girls at their champagne drinking bouts.

But the Nazi High Command thinks otherwise.

These women have come away from such parties with a surprising amount of information.

Nazi military secrets go begging when French girls leave their German hosts drunk and helpless.

★ ★ ★

The war of the Austrian women against the Nazis is not as silent as the campaign of their French sisters.

Viennese women especially are rather vociferous. They were women's voices which greeted Frau Goering's bejewelled appearance in the Vienna opera house with a frantic: "They'll strangle you yet, those pearls! Where did you steal them?"

The Russian women are not the only ones who have followed their men into the front line with a gun in their hand.

Thousands of Yugoslav girls have joined the guerillas who are successfully harassing the Nazi army of occupation from the mountains.

★ ★ ★

Wherever the Nazis go they lay their hands on all available foodstuffs, and there was an incident in Greece which is characteristic of the women's fight against Nazism and hunger.

A young Greek mother was preparing a meal for her child when a requisitioning party of Nazi soldiers entered her house to take her stores away. She killed their leader with the kitchen knife!

There may not be many such spectacular incidents in the war of women versus the Swastika.

It is, mostly, a war of nerves, of sacrifices, of quiet heroism.

It may not produce great results. But it helps to undermine the edifice of Nazism, and Europe's women will have their share in the success when that edifice comes crashing down.

ARE YOU SAVING ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER?

JANUARY 24, 1942

HITLER IS WRIGGLING

But he is still a peril, and every ounce of the United Nations' effort will be required to smash him and his confederates.

By A. G. GARDINER

We know who our greatest enemy is. It is Hitler; Hitler's Nazis; Hitler's Germany. It is Hitler we must destroy. That done, the whole Axis fabric will collapse. Finishing off Hitler's satellites will be easy by contrast.

★

THESE are wise words from a wise man. They are the words of Col. Knox. He used them to impress upon the American public that the Atlantic is the main theatre of the struggle, and that Hitler's attempt to divert American effort from that theatre to the Pacific will fail.

He does not disguise the fact that events in the Pacific are black, and for a time they may become blacker still.

We have all been to blame. The secrecy, the suddenness and the fury of the Japanese attack have caught us shamefully unprepared and we are paying the price.

A plot has been hatching for twenty years, and has been studied and prepared for in every one of its thousand details, and has caught us asleep.

We have underrated the enemy. We have played into his hands. We have armed him to slay our friends and stab ourselves in the dark.

It will take weeks, perhaps months, to devise the strategy and mobilise the power that will crush this infamous treachery.

★ ★ ★

BUT IT WILL BE CRUSHED. "THE ISLAND MONKEY RACE," AS THE CHINESE CALL THE JAPANESE, IS COMMITTING SUICIDE.

With the calamitous failure of Hitler's *blitzkrieg* methods staring it in the face, it has set out to *blitzkrieg* the world into instant, overwhelming defeat.

It has encircled itself with enemies, from Kamschatka to the Dutch East Indies and from Australia to the United States. It has put everything into one blind rush.

Its successes are as dazzling as lightning. And, like lightning, they will be transitory. The power of America, of the British Empire, of China, of the Dutch East Indies, of Russia will crush it like an eggshell.

It is alone. Germany cannot help it. Italy cannot help it. The Island Monkey Race is plunging madly into the abyss.

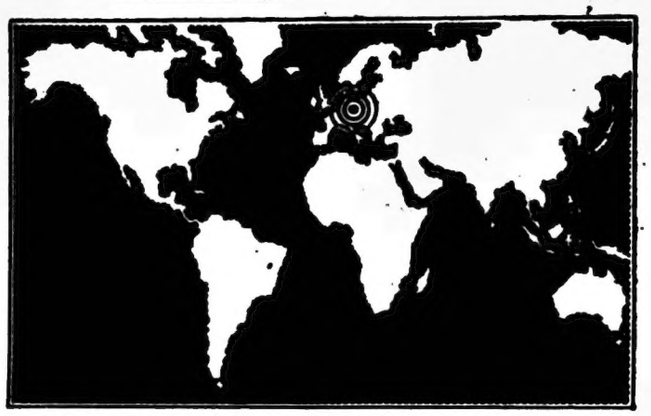
This ultimate certainty is no ground for complacency or inaction. The United Nations are shockingly late in the field. Instancy, urgency must be brought into play to meet and destroy the new challenge.

★ ★ ★

But—and this is Knox's point—we must not be put off the scent of the real quarry. Hitler has played his last great card.

He has thrown the Japs to destruction in the hope that panic in the Pacific will loosen the stranglehold on him in Europe.

That must not be. Hitler is our quarry.



Dangers, which must be faced urgently, beset the forces of freedom nearly all over the world, but the big target remains BERLIN

Nothing must divert us from the chase. When he with his Nazi Germany is run to earth and destroyed the war will be over.

And he knows that he is near destruction. He can feel the hot breath of the hounds at his heels. Hence his frantic wriggles to extricate himself.

I said long ago that he had made the Europe he has wrecked into his prison-house. Of that prison-house we hold the key.

By hook or by crook he must break from his prison, and every blow he has delivered has been directed to that end.

His first effort was to knock out his jailer: it was defeated in the Battle of Britain. Next he tried to effect his escape by the Suez: it was brought to naught by Wavell and now again by Auchinleck.

Then he turned eastward, and embarked on his terrific gamble against Russia. Knock-out Russia, he said, and I shall smash my prison bars, link up with Japan, have the freedom of the seas, have India at my mercy and wallow in oil and grain.

And instead he has met his Moscow and his Waterloo in one. Does that seem an excessive estimate of his disaster? It may be, but I do not think that events will prove it to be so.

THE BATTLE OF RUSSIA IS CERTAINLY THE MOST STUPENDOUS MILITARY CONFLICT IN HUMAN HISTORY. IT MAY WELL BE IN ITS CONSEQUENCES THE MOST DECISIVE DEFEAT IN HUMAN HISTORY ALSO.

★ ★ ★

LEAVE aside the tremendous facts at which the world looks in amazement.

The rolling back of that invincible avalanche that was to have swept over Russia. The immensity of the losses of the flower of the German army. The destruction of the German war machine. The appalling condition of the ill-clad defeated hordes freezing in the snows of Russia. Disease rampant. Morale breaking down.

Turn instead to the symptoms of panic among the organisers of this vast calamity. Where now are the boasting Goebbels, the fanfares of trumpets announcing victories, the gibes of the traitor Joyce? All, all are gone.

Instead, whines and apologies. Piteous appeals for any old rags to save Hitler's victims from the savageries of the Russian winter.

All the signs of internal unrest and growing despair. The Gestapo preparing for the worst. Himmler fortifying the cities against emergencies.

★ ★ ★

And the chief criminal of all. What of him? He is fighting desperately for his life, not merely against the foes without, but more immediately with the foes within.

His breach with the High Command is open and palpable. He is sacking his most competent generals lest they should get their blow in first and put him in a strait-waistcoat.

HE HAS BROUGHT HIMMLER TO THE FRONT, AND ANOTHER PURGE LIKE THAT OF 1934 SEEMS IMMINENT. IT WILL BE HIS LAST. FOR HE IS VISIBLY A BEATEN MAN.

In peril of his own skin at home, he is at his wits' ends to find some other gamble abroad that will restore his battered fortunes and give him another lease of life before the axe falls. He is scurrying around like a rat in a trap to discover some way out of his prison.

His fellow gangsters, the Ribbentrops and Von Papens, hurry hither and thither to make new contacts—to Budapest, to Ankara, to Sofia.

But the doors are closing against them. Hungary refuses more cannon fodder for Hitler's armies. Bulgaria will not fight Russia. Turkey will not be a thoroughfare for Hitler's legions.

In a word, the Hitler legend is perishing. It is perishing even in Vichy, even in Madrid. The shadows of Russia and of America have fallen over the scene, and the far off drama of the Pacific is too remote and transitory to stop the Hitler rot.

And as the legend dies the spirit of Europe rises with new hope and a wrath that will exact a just retribution.

★ ★ ★

NO, this is not the moment to let our stranglehold on Hitler relax. He is wriggling hard in his frantic endeavour to escape. We must hammer him now from every angle and with every weapon while his war machine is perishing in the snows of Russia and the deserts of Africa.

When he is smashed the Island Monkey Race will soon be put back in their cage.

And one final word. In this momentous time let there be a truce to carping and nagging criticism.

Honest, constructive criticism there should and must be. But we have lived through the war with marvellous freedom from disruptive intrigue and internal conflict.

It is that unity of purpose that has brought us so miraculously out of the depths of the summer of 1940 to the confident vision of to-day. Let us keep it to the triumphant end.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

SHOULD THERE BE A DOMINION CABINET?

● Again this question has been raised. It will come up time after time.

We may as well face up to the fact that it is no good having a Dominion Cabinet unless the four overseas Premiers join it.

Sir Earle Page's suggestion that Stanley Bruce, the High Commissioner, should represent Australia in the War Cabinet reduces the idea to a farce. After years of residence here, Bruce is out of touch, especially with a Labour Government.

John Curtin is needed at Canberra, and even Herbert Evatt, the Minister of Defence, might not be strong enough as a substitute.

Peter Fraser cannot leave New Zealand. Only General Smuts can keep South Africa safe from the extremists who want to break away.

Mackenzie King would not strengthen the Cabinet by his presence here. Besides, Canada's defences are now more involved with those of the United States than with ours.

In theory, a Dominion Cabinet is right. In practice, it would not work.

Besides, Curtin would represent only a bare majority, which he might lose when his back was turned.

ARE WE ENCOURAGING OCCUPIED FRANCE?

● While we condemn "the wretched Vichy Government," we should not lose sight of the fact that most people in Occupied France yearn for an allied victory.

While we refuse to use, as propagandists, the refugees who have always been anti-Nazi, and while we leave the exposition of our war aims to wearers of the Old School Tie, little or nothing will be done to bring about in the occupied territories any revolt which has a chance.

Respectable people of Tory mentality do not understand that rebellions come from rebels. And it is to Left Wing opinion that all appeals should be made and all arguments used.

These opinions are only understood by those who hold them.

WHY NO AERODROME DEFENCE?

● The discovery, apparently only made by the War Cabinet in the last week or two, that our aerodromes were badly defended is in line with what happened in Norway, Greece, Crete, and Malaya.

At long last, a Territorial officer has been given control of the defence of the aerodromes, and with a newly formed regiment under his command.

It has been openly said that he drew up a plan for defending the aerodromes in Crete, but that he was not listened to.

I am driven to the conclusion that Lloyd George's warnings about the lessons of the last war have not even yet been learned. Then, he said, promotion was given to those with Society or official influence.

Each war has its new problems. Yet we try to solve them, time after time, by employing generals who are still "preparing for the last war," to use L. G.'s words.

WHAT ABOUT OUR ISOLATIONISTS?

● Many people in Britain are content to isolate themselves from the war effort and convince themselves that it is no concern of theirs. They want to go about their everyday life and enjoy all the comforts of pre-war days.

This applies even to high-up people who protect horse-racing which wastes much food needed for poultry, fox-hunters who still have carried on in out-of-the-way places, and even Army commanders who give every privilege to professional pugilists under their control.

Youths of the cocktail class joined up in the earliest days of the war. To-day, their sisters, when called on, curse Bevin!

Yet what is not recognised is that all this is the fault of the Government itself, which, eighteen months ago, refused to use the all-in powers it obtained from Parliament in record time and amid the applause of the entire nation.

Ever since, public policy has drifted.

You cannot therefore over-blame individuals who, allowed to do something, do it.

When, the other day, Herbert Morrison said he was not in favour of "a philosophy of progressive misery," he left the door open to lots of abuses.

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Hungary refuses more cannon fodder for Hitler's armies. Bulgaria will not fight Russia. Turkey will not be a thoroughfare for Hitler's legions.

In a word, the Hitler legend is perishing. It is perishing even in Vichy, even in Madrid. The shadows of Russia and of America have fallen over the scene, and the far off drama of the Pacific is too remote and transitory to stop the Hitler rot.

And as the legend dies the spirit of Europe rises with new hope and a wrath that will exact a just retribution.

* * *

NO, this is not the moment to let our stranglehold on Hitler relax. He is wriggling hard in his frantic endeavour to escape. We must hammer him now from every angle and with every weapon while his war machine is perishing in the snows of Russia and the deserts of Africa.

When he is smashed the Island Monkey Race will soon be put back in their cage.

And one final word. In this momentous time let there be a truce to carping and nagging criticism.

Honest, constructive criticism there should and must be. But we have lived through the war with marvellous freedom from disruptive intrigue and internal conflict.

It is that unity of purpose that has brought us so miraculously out of the depths of the summer of 1940 to the confident vision of to-day. Let us keep it to the triumphant end.

FER LIFTS THE LID

that most people in Occupied France yearn for an allied victory.

While we refuse to use, as propagandists, the refugees who have always been anti-Nazi, and while we leave the exposition of our war aims to wearers of the Old School Tie, little or nothing will be done to bring about in the occupied territories any revolt which has a chance.

Respectable people of Tory mentality do not understand that rebellions come from rebels. And it is to Left Wing opinion that all appeals should be made and all arguments used.

These opinions are only understood by those who hold them.

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Field-Marshal Brauchitsch's dismissal revived feelings that have always been dormant among the real Army Chiefs

Don't be Misled by Nazi Row

Says WILLI FRISCHAUER

WHAT is the likely line-up in the battle between the Generals and the Nazis reported to be brewing?

Heinrich Himmler, the vicious, murderous Gestapo Chief, knows that the man reported to have drawn up the blue-print for the army is easily a match for him.

He is Admiral Canaris, sinister and mysterious chief of German military espionage, organiser of political murders at a time when Himmler was still wearing the short pants of a school-boy. The Admiral has probably not been on board a ship since the last war, during which he helped Papen to organise sabotage in America.

It was after the war, after the defeat of Germany, that Canaris' dark activities began to prepare the ground for German rearmament, that he ordered the elimination and terrorisation of German democrats and pacifists, and began to guide the moves of the Prussian military clique behind the scenes.

Powerful Body

He has retained his own organisation separate and intact.

If Canaris decides to divert his attention from the war against the civilised world and plunge headlong into the Battle of the Wilhelmstrasse he could count on the support of General Hammerstein, friend of Ludendorff and Hindenburg, inveterate supporter of the Hohenzollerns. His only common ground with Hitler and the Nazis is his work for German aggrandisement.

Hammerstein rallied the military opposition against Hitler in January, 1933. On every occasion since he has paid tribute to Hitler's internal enemies, to Blomberg, whom Hitler sacked, to Fritsch, whom he had murdered.

His name is now cropping up again. He is mentioned as one of the generals "on the warpath against Hitler."

What of Goering, the fat Nazi Field-Marshal who calls himself the "first soldier of Germany"? He has made friends with the generals. He hates Himmler. He always likes to be on the winning side.

Goering has always kept close touch with Potsdam. Some said he was spying on the army on behalf of Hitler; others said he is the army's man inside the Nazi Party. It is doubtful whether the generals will have him when they try to break away from the Nazis.

Let us look over one of the typical men of Potsdam, Field-Marshal Fedor von Bock, who was definitely an anti-Nazi when I saw him eight years ago. It was, indeed, a surprise to see the former A.D.C. and friend of "Little Willie," the ex-Crown Prince, among Hitler's key commanders in this war.

Bock, a monocled Baltic Baron, was, of course, an advocate of German world domination, and he probably did not care who forged the weapons: who gave him a chance for military conquest.

But now that he has been retired because he failed to carry out Hitler's orders and take Moscow before the winter he cannot feel happy about the Nazis.

Even though defeated in the field, Bock can still count on many military and industrial friends; he may yet feel strong enough to stand up against his temporary master. He is a great intriguer, a kid-glove politician with a sharp stiletto in his sleeve.

Twice Recalled

There is Rundstedt, another Potsdam general, the prototype of the aristocratic Prussian general, twice retired by Hitler, twice recalled to active service because not even the monster Nazi military machine could do without the experienced commander.

Rundstedt is once more under a cloud after the retreat of his armies from the Caucasus, but the Nazis cannot feel happy as long as he is "in opposition."

They remember how, as a military commander of the Berlin garrison in 1932, Rundstedt ordered his troops to shoot at unruly Nazi demonstrators. They know that Rundstedt, whether on active service, in retirement, or in disgrace, can count on the loyalty of the army.

But if we cannot have many doubts about where Canaris, Bock and Rundstedt stand, we must keep our eyes on the generals who seem to be sitting on the fence.

Most powerful of them is Franz Halder, the Chief of the German General Staff—the retiring, inconspicuous, but cunning and determined representative of the German army's tradition.

No Nazi Salute

Nazi propaganda was never allowed to drag Halder from his seclusion in the Berlin War Office. He has never raised his hand in the Nazi salute; he does not care for honours and decorations.

Now, for the first time, he is reported to be with Hitler at the Russian front. Has Hitler called him in to involve him, for better or for worse, in his own military schemes?

Remember that even though he sacked Brauchitsch, Hitler never dispensed with the services of his own personal military adviser, General Jodl, another member of the German General Staff.

Jodl has often been described as "Halder's watchdog in Hitler's camp."

Hitler's military enunciations have always sounded familiar to those who know Jodl best. They will tell you that Jodl has taught Hitler what he knows about strategy; that he selects the military literature which Hitler devours.

Unsafe to Predict

Certain it is that Hitler has never let Jodl move from his side since the war started. But that does not say that Jodl is a genuine friend of Hitler; that he has forsaken his friends of the German War Office who are known for their independent views and policies.

It is by no means safe to predict where Halder and Jodl will stand when the Battle of the Wilhelmstrasse breaks out.

There is far less doubt about Field-Marshal List—even though the mysterious death of Von Reichenau seems to show that it isn't wise to be one of Hitler's stoutest supporters.

Reichenau, remember, was the first leading German general to swear allegiance to Hitler and the Nazis.

But when Hitler wanted to appoint him Chief of the General Staff the generals prevented the intrusion of "a Nazi" into their most powerful organisation.

Reichenau never forgave them. He never wavered in his loyalty to Hitler. Yet the "stroke" from which he died last week was almost certainly engineered by Hitler.

Why? We shall not know the full answer until his master, too, is dead. But note that Reichenau had failed to stem the Russian drive as dismally as had Von Bock and Von Rundstedt.

Whereas List's career has been triumphant.

He Remembers

Field-Marshal List was an obscure junior officer when Hitler, in search of friends inside the army, remembered that he was his regimental commander in the last war.

He engineered List's promotion over the heads of scores of senior officers, and, so far, List has not disappointed the military trust vested in him. He owes Hitler everything he is, and will be with him to the finish unless the other generals finish him.

These are the men who will figure most prominently if the Battle of the Generals does come.

So far as the mission of the United Nations is concerned, it won't make much difference whether the Nazis retain control or are ousted by the generals.

All of them must be defeated and smashed. Those who survive must be tried and punished.

DIG OUT WASTE PAPER FOR VICTORY

CLEVER CROOKS RUN THE BLACK MARKET

BANDITS making big money out of the war are outwitting the police. They are winning a war of brains that was started against them far too late.

Their organisation is almost perfect.

Their many agents, both men and women, fit into their jobs like cogs in a gigantic machine.

They have their own vans and lorries—some of them camouflaged to resemble Army or railway transports—which operate from depots all over the country.

So they are a formidable lot!

Railway managers are particularly worried.

Though they are employing more detectives, only a few of the small fry have been caught—and large-scale thefts continue.

Conference at the Yard

Every senior member of the railway police recently attended a Scotland Yard conference. Every possible method of checking the tremendous growth in robberies of foodstuffs and other goods in short supply was discussed.

But I doubt if the public will see quick results.

For though many of the Black Market ringleaders are known to the police, they work so cleverly that it's almost impossible to get sufficient evidence to convict them.

One is a wealthy South American. Although he operates mostly from his native land, his chief agent, with an office in London, has been operating here since the end of the last war.

Time and again the police have probed his business ramifications, only to find he had covered up his deals too cleverly to be trapped.

Another, who has bought vast quantities of goods, came from Poland with his parents when he was a boy. Now, immaculately dressed, he's at home in London's West End.

Another operator I have heard a good deal about lately, and concerning whose past activities in numerous spheres of dubious commerce I have several records filed away, is known to have made small fortunes in share-pushing and company promotions.

Other ringleaders are equally suspect and no less at liberty.

A self-styled financier who once ran a rendezvous for confidence tricksters.

A scoundrel who went to penal servitude.

An ex-company promoter who knows the bankruptcy courts inside and out.

A convicted receiver.

Money to Burn

Such are a few of them, and it's easy to realise that nowadays they have plenty of money to burn.

Food worth more than £11,000 has been stolen from the Southern Railway in its Metropolitan area alone.

New Year's Day had hardly dawned when gowns valued at £2,000 were whisked away from an L.M.S. goods station at Kentish Town.

Tens of thousands of pounds have been lost in robberies in the vicinity of Liverpool Street, Euston, Paddington and other London stations.

In the provinces, Bristol, Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester and other cities have provided similar instances of organised crime that leaves no detail to chance.

£2,000 a Day!

Those two famous carrier companies, Carter Paterson and Pickford's, are losing huge consignments that find their way to Black Markets.

A director of one transport company tells me that losses from his firm's lorries have sometimes averaged £2,000 a day!

Recently the police raided three disused garages owned by a man named Cecil Pratt. They discovered a modern Ali Baba's den.

It was stacked high with tea, shoes, dresses, suits, pyjamas, underwear, raincoats, perfumes, talcum powder, toothpaste—even whisky.

But Pratt, like most of these Black Market rascals, refused to talk about his superiors and confederates.

Eventually the police traced some of the stolen goods back to railway wagons and to lorries belonging to Pickford's, and, dumb to the end, Pratt is now in jail.

Generally, the conspirators rent garages and country houses in which to store stolen "swag" for a few days.

Some, however, have their own warehouses and extensive basements for longer use at safe intervals.

Detectives who raided a countryside garage near Guildford found a consignment of bacon, margarine, dried fruits and tea.

Though part of the proceeds of three separate lorry thefts, the receivers have not been traced. The garage, incidentally, belonged to a house that has been empty for four years.

Another Hoard

In a bombed riverside building a few miles out of London, a similar hoard was found last month.

It included silk stockings stolen from a warehouse that thieves had entered by means of false keys. Again, no arrests!

Quite often, agents work for a time as jobbing hands in a warehouse marked down for robbery. They provide the first-hand information on which the leaders' plans are based and disappear before the robbery is actually due.

Other agents, known as "linesmen," stay in towns where rail transport is heavy and drill themselves in the railways' routine.

Having found out when valuable consignments are due, the approximate time when goods trains will be shunted and lorries arrive for unloading, they tip off the thieves.

With the aid of the black-out, staff shortages and the great concentration of traffic owing to war needs, the robbery is usually successful.

Just by chance, two detectives upset the rogues' plans the other day.

Railway goods depots are being pilfered throughout the country in a way that even the expert Nazi looters would envy

They strolled up for a word with two men about to board a camouflaged railway lorry that was ready to leave a goods yard.

The men fled, and the lorry was found piled high with stolen supplies. The real driver had been treated to breakfast in order to get him out of the way.

So profitable are Black Market deals that racketeers are preparing to extend their business now that confectionery prices are officially controlled.

They plan to open small factories where sweets will be made from stolen sugar, tons of which are constantly reaching receivers.

The products will either be sold in kiosks opened by the promoters themselves, or by shopkeepers willing to accept supplies without asking questions.

Wild Profits

A profitable business? That is an understatement.

Study what happened to over 200 tons of black molasses recently stolen from a Ministry of Supply depot in Essex. A man named Dave Gold bought 100 tons of it at £12 a ton, although the listed price is only £4 17s. 6d.

He sold 70 tons for £1,980 (a profit of £760), and used the remainder for the making of sweets! Gold was only fined.

Even wilder profits have been scooped from every kind of controlled-price goods, as I have previously made clear in my weekly articles.

Now the penalties are to be increased.

Instead of escaping with a trumpery fine, convicted offenders will have to pay a terrific penalty *and* lose all their illegal gains—if magistrates use their new powers.

But, even if this is done, it will be rather like locking the door after the horse has bolted.

Clearly, everything possible should be done to stamp out these lucrative and fast-increasing scandals.

The Railway Police Service has been augmented and, as I have said, Scotland Yard has planned its course of future action. Moreover, the Ministry of Food's detective force has been increased by half.

All these Black Market sleuths are now to work in close co-operation under a department called S.S.3D, whose members have power to enlist the aid of ex-Yard men and accountants.

But surely all docks, railheads and food stores should be guarded by troops?

Clearly, the police need military assistance in their tremendous task of defeating the bandits!

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. M. Baines, Queen's Avenue, London, N.10, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

I invite letters on all subjects calling for advice, enquiry or editorial comment. Mark envelope "Public Benefactor."

Kai-Shek has a Shadow who is British

By VINCENT BROME

AS the Allies throw fresh forces into the Pacific struggle a grey-haired man becomes a vital figure even though his name is scarcely known.

More than thirty years ago a young, red-headed Australian reporter stuck up a pencilled note on the notice board of his office. It just said: "Exit W. H. Donald, 1901."

He went off to China and there met Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

Later he joined the Economic Bureau at Hankow, and finally became the friend and adviser of General Chiang Kai-shek.

He has negotiated arms deals, simplified conferences for American leaders, helped to bring Britain, America and China into fresh alignment.

When you talk to him about Chinese affairs he says, "We decided this, we think that . . ."

Obviously, many of Chiang Kai-shek's decisions have been partly his.

★ ★ ★

At first, Donald's retiring habits in Hankow puzzled Europeans.

They went to the club in the evening for amusement. It did not attract Donald.

His flat was a roomy, ramshackle place, alive with secretaries and servants.

Striding into it, he was an imposing figure. Tall and broad, with bold features and horn-rimmed spectacles, he did not look out of place amongst his Chinese assistants.

He did not speak Chinese very well, and apparently had no desire to master it.

Naturally, the Japanese have shown much interest in Donald's activities. They tell you in the new Chinese capital that the Black Dragon Society made elaborate plans for his "liquidation."

Two Chinamen from occupied territory were heavily bribed and then primed with all the necessary papers to take them safely through the Chinese lines.

They were to pose as loyal Chinamen escaped from the oppressors, and were to ask for audience with Donald, on the ground that they had vital information about the Japanese.

Fortunately, the pose of loyal Chinamen appealed to them more than the work of the assassin, and they merely gave away some very interesting facts to the Chinese High Command.

★ ★ ★

Donald understands intimately the mentality of the Chinese commanders of the interior. He was brought up against it on that dramatic day when Marshal Chang kidnapped Chiang Kai-shek.

He had just returned from the cinema when he heard the news. With Madame Kai-shek, he hurried to the aerodrome and flew off in a converted Italian bomber—a present, ironically, from Mussolini.

They reached Sianfu safely and were allowed to see Kai-shek.

Finally, Donald adroitly put matters right with Marshal Chiang and the whole incident straightened itself out.

They have coined a new name for Japan in China recently. They call it the Land of the Rising Hun. Donald was said to have something to do with the origin of the phrase.

And we shall be hearing more about him in the Pacific struggle.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

BY WALDO KELLAR

"And I stood with him on a peak, and said to him what I say to you now—Cast thyself down!"

THE GENTLEMAN ALL IN BLACK

A CRAZY old fellow lives—or used to live, in 1937—in a crazy old skylight room in Paris, and he was known as Le Borgne.

He squinted horribly, and was well known for his avarice. Although he was reputed to have a large sum of money put by, he shuffled about in the ragged remains of a respectable black suit and tried to earn a few coppers doing odd jobs in cafés.

He was not above begging—a very unsightly, disreputable, ill-tempered old man. And this is the story he told me one evening when he was trying to get two francs out of me.

"You needn't look down on me," he said. (He always adopted a querulous, bullying tone, even when asking a favour.) "I have been as well dressed as you. I'm eighty years old, too. Ah, yes, I have seen life, I have.

"Why, I used to be clerk to one of the greatest financiers in the world, no less a man than Mahler. That was before your time. That was fifty years ago. Mahler handled millions. I used to receive the highest of the high, the greatest of the great, in his office.

"There was no staff but me. Mahler worked alone, with me to write the letters. All his business was finished by three in the afternoon. He was a big man, and I was his right hand. I have met Royalty in the office of Mahler. Why, once, yes, I even met the Devil."

And when I laughed at him, Le Borgne went on, with great vehemence:

Mahler died rich. And yet it is I who can tell you that, a week before his death, things went wrong and Mahler was nearly twenty million francs in debt.

In English money, a million pounds, let us say. I was in his confidence. He had lost everything, and, gambling in a mining speculation, had lost twenty million francs which were not his to lose.

He said to me—it was on April 19 or 20, 1887—"Well, Charles, it looks as if we are finished. I have nothing left except my immortal soul: and I'd sell that if I could get the worth of it." And then he went into his office.

I was copying a letter to the bank, about five minutes later, when a tall, thin gentleman dressed all in black came into my room and asked to see Monsieur Mahler. He was a strange, foreign-looking gentleman, in a frock-coat of the latest cut, and a big black cravat which hid his shirt.

All his clothes were brand new, and there was a fine black pearl in his tie. Even his gloves were black. Yet he did not look as if he were in mourning.

There was a power about him. I could not tell him that Mahler could not be disturbed. I asked him what name, and he replied, with a sweet smile: "Say—a gentleman."

I had no time to announce him: I opened Mahler's door, and this stranger walked straight in and shut the door behind him.

I used to listen to what went on. I put my ear to the door and listened hard, for this man in black puzzled me.

LISTENING thus, I heard a very extraordinary conversation. The man in black spoke in a fine deep voice with an educated accent, and he said:

"Mahler, you are finished."

"Nonsense," said Mahler.

"Mahler, there is no use in your trying to deceive me. I can tell you positively that you are in debt to the tune of just over twenty million francs—to be exact, 20,002,907 francs. You have gambled, and have lost. Do you wish me to give you further details of your embezzlements?"

Calm as ice, Mahler said: "No. Obviously, you are in the know. Well, what do you want?"

"To help you."

At this, Mahler laughed, and said: "The only thing that can help me is a draft on, say, Rothschild's, for at least twenty millions."

"I have more than that in cash," said the gentleman in black, and I heard something fall heavily on Mahler's desk, and Mahler's cry of surprise.

"There are twenty-five millions there," said the stranger.

Mahler's voice shook a little as he replied: "Well?"

"Now let us talk. Monsieur Mahler, you are a man of the world, an educated man. Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Why, no," said Mahler.

"Good. Well, I have a proposition to make to you."

"But who are you?" Mahler asked.

"You'll know that soon enough. I have a proposition. Let us say that I am a buyer of men's time, men's lives. In effect, I buy men's souls.

"But let us not speak of souls. Let us talk in terms of Time, which we all understand. I will give you twenty million francs for one year of your life—one year in which you must devote yourself utterly to me."

A pause: then Mahler said: "No." (Ah, he was a cunning man of business, poor Mahler!) "No. That is too long. It's too cheap at that price. I've made fifty million in less than a year, before now."

I heard another little thud. The stranger said: "All right, my friend. Fifty million francs."

"Not for a year," said Mahler.

The stranger laughed. "Then six months," he said.

And now, I could tell, by the tone of his voice, that Mahler had taken control of the situation, for he could see that the strange man in black really wanted to buy his time.

And Mahler had a hard, cold head, and was a genius at negotiation. Mahler said: "Not even one month."

Somehow, this affair brought sweat out on my forehead. It was too crazy. Mahler must have thought so, too. The stranger said:

"Come. Do not let us quarrel about this. I buy time—any quantity of time, upon any terms. Time, my friend, is God's one gift to man.

"Now tell me, how much of your time, all the time that is yours, will you sell to me for fifty million?"

And the cold, even voice of Mahler replied: "Monsieur. You buy a strange commodity. Time is money. But *my* time is worth more money than most.

"Consider. Once, when Solomon Gold Mines rose twenty points overnight, I made something like twenty million francs by saying one word, *soit*, which took half a second.

"*My* time, at that rate, is worth forty million a second, and two thousand four hundred million francs a minute. Now think of it like that——"

"Very well," said the visitor, quite unmoved. "I'll be even more generous. Fifty million a second. Will you sell me one second of your time?"

"Done," said Mahler.

The gentleman in black said: "Put the money away. Have no fear: it is real. And now I have bought one second of your time."

SILENCE for a little while. Then they both walked to the window, which was a first-floor one, and I heard the stranger say:

"I have bought one second of your time for fifty million francs. Ah, well. Look down at all those hurrying people, my friend. That busy street. I am very old, and have seen much of men.

"Why, Monsieur Mahler . . . once, many years ago, I offered a man all the kingdoms of the earth. He would not take them. Yet in the end he got them. And I stood with him on a peak, and said to him what I say to you now—*Cast thyself down!*"

Silence. Then I seemed to come out of a sleep. The door of Mahler's office was open. Nobody was there. I looked out of the open window. There was a crowd. Mahler was lying in the street, only sixteen feet below, with a broken neck!

The gentleman all in black was gone. I never saw him go. They said I had been asleep and dreamt him, and that Mahler had fallen by accident.

"Yet in Mahler's desk lay fifty million francs in bonds, which I had never seen there before. I am sure he never had them before.

"I believe, simply, that the gentleman in black was the Devil, and that by that one-second bargain he bought Mahler's soul.

"Think I am crazy if you like. *But I have heard that a body falls exactly sixteen feet in precisely one second!*"

Human Machine

LIFE'S MOODS

There are two ways of tackling Life.

One, and by far the more common of the two, is to look round more or less vaguely and say, also more or less vaguely: "I feel a bit uneasy. There are one or two things hanging over me. I have one or two ambitions to fulfil. I have one or two wishes to satisfy. When all these are settled, then . . ."

Always "if" and "when" and "then"!

And the result of it all is that people like this never get anywhere; never even start to go anywhere; never even begin to live.

There's another way—the way adopted by those who have taken the measure of Life; who refuse to be bamboozled and bullied by Life; who make it their business to live *now* and not at some future and undefined date.

"To-day's my meat," says this man. "I have to live and be happy and be useful to-day; not some time, but now. Circumstances are my raw material. I can't get any other material. All I can do is to make the most of what I've got."

He's a man who knows that he's boss of the day and its circumstances, instead of someone who wastes his time wondering whether or not he can get through the day without disaster.

You see, you can either *use* Circumstances, or try to *dodge* them.

If you want to be thoroughly miserable, try to dodge!

£20,000 Waste Paper Contest

TIME is getting short for those participating in the great Waste Paper Contest which opened on January 1 and closes at the end of the month.

Readers will remember that the country has been divided into twenty areas. Each area has earmarked for it a prize total of £1,000 which must be won.

This amount will be divided among the local authorities in each area which collect most by weight of waste paper and cardboard per head of the population.

The total prize of £1,000 allocated to each area will be divided as follows:

1st Prize	£500
2nd Prize	£250
3rd Prize	£100

and three consolation prizes of £50 each.

National charities will benefit, as one half of the prizes won is to be donated to one or more of the following deserving causes:

The Red Cross.

Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross Aid to Russia Fund.

R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Association.

The remaining half must be given to any local charity decided by the successful local authority.

That, in brief, is the scheme.

Help *your* district to win a prize by redoubling your own salvage efforts during the few remaining days of this unique competition.

★ "For many years Japan has been dominated by secret societies. They have enforced their will by the assassination of any Jap statesman who opposed their aggressive policy, and it may be that these societies, dizzy with their own schemes of aggression, have forced their country into war."—*Winston Churchill in his Washington broadcast*

Jap Societies —the Truth

By VIVIAN MEIK

BUT what are these societies?

The world has, till now, thought that the Black Dragon was the only one—and not so secret at that—which was able to pull wires, but was generally overrated.

As a matter of fact, the Black Dragon is only a symbol of liaison between the various societies, and not a society at all. It is something to represent a common aim, and to be used as a generic term for the power behind the throne.

But the societies of Kokinhinsha (Foundation of National Honour) and the Genyosha (Key to Greatest Glory) are names to conjure with. It is almost asking for a violent death to mention them aloud

In All Grades of Life

Behind them, and supporting them each like a buttress performing its specific duty in its own place, are the Society of the Ancestral Spirit, the ex-officers' society, industrial "Cabals" and "Star Chambers," societies of students, the Samurai, and others in all grades of Japanese life.

Altogether there are about eighty of these societies, divided (before further sub-division) into four main groups—the fighting services, the priests, the industrialists, and the professional classes. Each recruits its rank and file from loyalists in its own sphere of interest.

Of Japan's population of 98,000,000, it is estimated that about 5,000,000 serve the societies directly under the orders of 100,000 executives of varying authority.

To keep the societies in funds—and they are very rich—they resort to the simple process of levying a "protection" tax, which, incidentally, is where the Chicago gangsters got the idea for one of their wickedest rackets.

I have watched both Kokinhinsha and Genyosha at work for many years—sometimes from uncomfortably close range—and could quote well-documented evidence to prove clearly that it is not the Nazis who have taught the Japs the tactics of *blitz* treachery, but the Japs who have taught Hitler and Mussolini every foul device to win and hold power.

Fifth columnism, secret police, spying in home life, quislingism, the "exact science" of provocation, atrocities with torture, panic rumour-mongering, and the unscrupulous use of unfortunate girls—all these were specialities of the Japs long before Hitler applied them in the West.

If it were not a statement of fact, well proven and accepted by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt themselves long before the war, a list of their leaders would be called fantastic nonsense.

Admiral Tojo himself is the chief executive of the Genyosha, Nomura his *aide*. Army and navy chiefs, world-famous diplomats, Prince Konoye, many "elder statesmen" near the sacred throne of the still more sacred Mikado, the Kamomotos, Oshigwas, Shimegitsus, Okamotos—all "first-line" Japanese names—are among them.

One woman holds high office—very high office indeed. She is the white-haired Baroness Suzuki, the widow who wields supreme control over the vast interests of the business of that name. Suzuki is to Jap finance and industry what a combine of Rothschilds, Armstrong-Vickers and a dozen other great textile, coal and iron concerns might be to Britain.

The Powerful Widow

Baroness Suzuki claims, arrogantly, to be wealthier than Henry Ford and Goering together, and to hold power of life and death over twice as many employees.

"Under these leaders, control is exercised by bodies of junior officers selected exclusively from the navy or that section of the Jap military machine known as the Kwangtung army, which literally rules northern China and dictates foreign policy.

These young officers have the "honour" of assassinating any reluctant politician. They have availed themselves of this privilege at least fifty times in the last ten years.

The Kwangtung army also control the activities of the Ronin Society—Japan's suicide divisions of storm-troopers, which include both naval and air personnel. It was probably the Ronins who were used for the first attacks on Pearl Harbour and against the British Navy.

The notorious General Doihara, Jap secret service chief, is also supreme head of the Genyosha's "psycho-poison" section.

It was he who established 20,000 free opium dens in each Chinese province, with the idea of sapping the health and morale of 100,000,000 Chinese, so as to make China just "the affair" Tokio said it was before the world could wake up to Japan's true ambitions.

Doihara also runs the Yoshiwara school of Geishas in Yokohama, where 500 girls between twelve and fifteen are trained annually for the job of worming secrets from non-secret society men or betraying suspects within the ranks. These girls are expert peddlers of drugs and a dozen other forms of vice and devilry.

In the last ten years branches of the Genyosha have been established abroad in Central America and on the U.S.A. west coast with headquarters in San Francisco.

Though working in the closest liaison with their secret service, their main object was to influence local government policy in favour of Japan through blackmail or other terrorisation of public men.

In Central America more than one revolution has since been traced back to Genyosha plotting.

The technique used in Latin America was uncovered in evidence given to the Martin Dies Committee in connection with the F.B.I. (G-men) investigations into alien activities along the Californian coast.

Presents and Flattery

"Presents" of exquisite Japanese craftsmanship and flattery were the first steps to win interest in Jap culture. Invitations to certain houses followed with the introduction at the right time of the most charming of Geishas. Then blackmail or terrorisation followed with the "offer of the great honour of foreign membership."

After that, the victim soon learnt that a knife in the ribs was the only alternative to carrying out Genyosha orders, whether these were to back legislation favouring Jap nationals, or special trade privileges for the Japs, securing Panama zone secrets or inciting revolt against members of Government who could neither be bought nor frightened.

The origin of all these societies goes back to one man, Baron Tanaka, possibly the most evil influence of the last hundred years. It was almost as if Satan had selected him as a special trap to bait humanity, for Tanaka had the gentle voice and the serene face and manners of a saint.

Tanaka was also the scion of one of the noblest families of Japan, the second of the "big four" into which alone the Emperor might marry. He died not long ago at the age of eighty-nine.

But for sixty of those years he worked with devilish cunning to enslave the Far East and to conquer America.

A story is current (but I have been unable to verify it myself) that dates his fanatical hatred for white people to a visit he paid to Europe in the 1880's, when he fell in love with an English noblewoman. She scornfully refused to become his "second wife," which, he pointed out, was the greatest honour a member of his family could offer a "white barbarian."

Sign of their Salvation

Whether this is true or not, there is certainly no doubt that Tanaka sowed the seeds of hate of the white races, and that the seeds have grown into a forest whose dark recesses are the lairs of his monstrosities

To-day more than 1,000,000,000 simple people in the Far East, yellow, black, brown and white, Christian, Hindu, Moslem, Buddhist and pagan, are standing up to those monstrosities as they come out of that forest, belching fire and death.

They are frightened folk, these millions, but they do not flinch because, in their simple faith, they have accepted as the sign of their salvation the vows of those two men whose names are honoured from the humblest huts in the South Seas to the caves of Cashmere—the Roosevelt-Churchill vows that the white men of their two great democracies, with their allies, will never rest until every dragon's teeth are drawn and its fire extinguished once and for all.

Baroness Suzuki, white-haired and arrogant, financial and industrial queen of Japan, ranks high in one society

SHADOW OF THE WORKHOUSE

By *Humanist*

THERE is no disgrace in being poor nowadays. Anybody with an ounce of sense knows that thousands of people have been unemployed, entirely against their will, through the introduction of machinery and our failure to re-organise working methods.

Years ago poverty was regarded as something shameful and the poor were treated as deliberate idlers. They were roughly handled—thrust into horrible workhouses or left to starve. The idea of poverty was humiliating to anyone with a little pride.

But the evil tradition lingers in the minds of old people, who would rather die of hunger than confess their plight.

A reader has written to me about an old couple who are suffering acute hardship because they have a rooted objection to "living on charity" and being beholden to anybody:

To-day the Public Assistance Authorities and their officials put themselves to a great deal of trouble in their endeavours to lighten the burden for aged folk and in keeping private their need of help.

You would comfort hundreds of worthy people if you would write about this "pride" which stands between themselves and the assistance they need. Surely it is a ridiculous form of affection when it imperils health and happiness?

Citizens who for many years have fulfilled all the obligations the State imposes upon them by paying their rates and taxes should have no feelings of shame in asking for the help to which they have a legal right.

I fully agree with what the writer says about this false pride, maintained at such a cost. The subject has often appeared in my letters.

A man is not ashamed of being wounded in a battle, is he? Why should he be ashamed of being a casualty in the industrial war? I wish I could make old folk believe that the stigma of the workhouse is as dead as Mr. Bumble and Oliver Twist.

AND this subject reminds me of another letter sent by an old lady recently. She has been hearing complaints about the hardships of modern women and recalls conditions when she was young. She writes:

Women had to go out to work from eight in the morning till eight at night for two shillings a day. There were no labour-saving devices in those days. There was no "dole" for the man thrown out of work.

My husband and I are both over seventy now. We have had some hard struggles together in our fifty years of married life. We lost our two children.

My worst time was when I had to stand at the wash-tub all day with only a piece of bread and dripping to keep me going. My man was out of work through no fault of his own.

Women did not have much money or much liberty in those days. The young people of to-day don't know how much they have to be thankful for.

The last sentence is true enough—but

The stigma of the workhouse (says Humanist) is as dead as Mr. Bumble and Oliver Twist

ur young people are quite tired of hearng it.

Certainly things are better to-day than ey used to be—for shop assistants, for akers, for farm labourers, for housewives, and for our children.

But it is a mistake to keep "rubbing in." One soon grows weary of that bject, and some middle-aged people I now are too fond of it. It's a mononous tune, anyway.

It may be taken for granted that the riter and her husband are now subsistng on the Old Age Pension. This isn't hirity at all. They have earned it with alf a century of hard work.

OW for a young man's problem:

I have been courting for the past ur years.

My young lady comes from a family here the best of everything is at hand. he tells me I must better my position efore I can hope to marry her. I am just n ordinary engineer.

Her parents object to my marrying her ecause it would lower their pride.

She tells me that she loves me very uch. But even if she didn't, I should ill love her. I've tried to break it off, ut I missed her terribly, and she has ken me back. It seems impossible to ve her up for fear I should go mad. I n wrecking my health with worrying out it.

I don't know her parents, but I imagine ey want their daughter to marry a an in the black-coat professions. It urts their pride to be related to a man hose work makes him dirty!

If he is up against the social snobbery hich despises physical labour, I am orry for him. There is not much he n do about it. The girl herself appears be in agreement with her parents.

But if she merely wants him to be ore ambitious and to secure a better osition in the engineering world, then advise him to get busy and do somening about himself.

Ambition is a driving power for good ill. Some men seem to be born with in their system. Others catch it by inection. But the majority are content plod along with the minimum of ffort.

If they fall in love with a young oman with great ambitions, something rastic is bound to happen.

The happy-go-lucky man is made or arred by such a marriage.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

very week HUMANIST tackles a postag of human problems, and he will elp you if you are in doubt. Write to im at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. ou will receive a guinea if your letter quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

VOICE of the TROOPS

WAR produces its unknown heroes—no less sterling than those you read about.

Sometimes letters to "Voice of the Troops" tell us about them. But all too often they are nameless.

Such a man is described in a letter to his wife, Mrs. Winifred Bentley, of Clay Head, Baldrine, Isle of Man, by Corporal Bentley, of the R.A.F., who endured days and night of Nazi dive-bombing while crossing the Mediterranean in convoy

Our convoy got through unscathed "Jerry" suffered tremendously. But a lot of our success was due to an unknown gunner, who is described below:

I managed to get a hammock on one of the boats. We were awakened at eight the next morning by the dropping of bombs and by gunfire.

We found we were being attacked by five German bombers. The attack lasted for twenty minutes, but we sustained no damage.

At about 11 a.m. Jerry came again. I have never seen such a barrage. Again he was frustrated, although our boat had a narrow escape when one bomb dropped at our stern and rocked us.

He persisted during the afternoon, and, although one of our ships got a slight knock, nobody was killed.

How different it would have been if it hadn't been for the efficiency of our gunners.

Eleven German machines are known to have been destroyed in those attacks, and five fell to the gun of our boat.

One of the men was a sergeant in the British Army, who never left his post once throughout the whole journey.

He had lost his brother, a younger lad than himself, killed by the Germans in Greece. He wanted revenge. He got it. He had the pleasure of seeing one machine that fell to his gun fall and crash into the sea.

They were great, these boys. And so were the lads of the Royal Navy who defended us. Thank God for a country that breeds such men and gives them such good ships to sail on.

★ ★ ★

NO BANANAS TO-DAY

Another "on the way" letter is from Driver A. Wakeman to Mrs. Bray, a friend at Hows Road, Uxbridge. It says:

We had a narrow squeak to-day when we went "scrumping" in a banana plantation. We got caught by the owner, who came up to us shouting.

Of course, we couldn't understand him, so we just told him to buzz off—which we did as well as he. All he wanted us to do was to buy the bananas by weight, for which purpose he carries a pair of primitive scales and uses stones picked up from the ground as weights.

★ ★ ★

MISSED THE BOAT!

Reaching West Africa safely, Private Goodyer writes telling his stepfather, Mr. I. Hinds, Wyken, Coventry, of some of the difficulties of catching a convoy:

Our mob reached the docks from which we were sailing and found we were the first of many units. Free French among them, to embark on ships that lay out at sea.

But which was our ship? And how were we to reach it? If something wasn't done quickly, we would lose the advantage of being first on the spot.

Our C.O. found we had to get out by tug. "Couldn't we start loading this tug, sir?" we asked. He agreed.

For hours we toiled, watching our mountains of stuff picked up in nets and lowered into the depths of the tug—miles down, it seemed. The heavy stuff went down first, then our lighter personal possessions on top. And at last we were ready to leave.

Night was now falling. We congratulated ourselves that we had made sure of a bed on board the ship, at least.

Then along came a young naval officer with the news: "You've loaded up the wrong ship!"

★ ★ ★

WAR A LA ITALIENNE

Now for news from Libya. Lance Corporal R. Hailstone, R.A.S.C. (writing to his parents at Sutton Way, Marfleet Lane, Hull), sees quite a lot of advantages in beating Italians. He says:

You hardly ever saw a bicycle out here, but now a lot of the lads have acquired Italian machines. They do look funny riding about on them, for they are skeleton affairs.

We surmise (perhaps wrongly) that as they fold into two pieces they may have been designed for paratroops—but they may have been to enable the Italians to retreat more quickly.

Early in our advance our troops surrounded an Italian camp. The officers were in bed when our men presented themselves with fixed bayonets.

One of their batmen went in to arouse them with the words: "Sir, the British are here."—Ron

★ ★ ★

"WE THREE—"

And here is news of one of the pleasantest surprises a mother ever had.

Mrs. J. Rowney, of Coventry, has one son, Noel, aged 18, in the Navy; another, Melvin, aged 22, in a famous cavalry regiment; and a third, Ernest, aged 30, who is also in the Army.

For two years they had not met. Then came news from Melvin to say that all three had met—in the Libyan desert:

Ernest and I are now together, in the best of health and exceedingly pleased with life because we met Noel the other day.

He hitch-hiked 20 miles to see me, and came in with a sergeant-major who knows me. But he expected to see me only.

Imagine his surprise when he found that Ernest had been transferred to my unit!

Noel brought news that he was rated from boy to ordinary seaman as from yesterday, which will mean he is going to be allowed out at nights now. And as for our fine C.O., he allowed Ernest and myself passes from mid-day to midnight so that we could go out together and enjoy ourselves.

Ernest has got news that he has an addition to the family, but doesn't know whether it is a boy or girl.—Melvin.

★ ★ ★

IT'S DIFFERENT NOW!

And now a letter from what Mrs. E. M. Roberts, of New House, Gintsfield, near Welshpool, North Wales, calls "that land of conflict and tragic muddle, Malaya."

It was written by her son, Sapper Gerald Beard, before the Japanese attack began:

I have been writing songs for the troops. The Malayan magic circle have got me tune-writing for them. I also write one-act sketches and appear on the stage

We give a different show once a month at Singapore's Victoria Theatre. Also I have had a tango broadcast a few weeks ago, and have been the subject of an article in a morning paper.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

I TRIED five shops before I was able to get rat poison: was told at all of the difficulty of getting supplies. *Spare the poison and spoil the food stocks.*—W. W., Puckeridge, Herts.

★ ★ ★

More parcels and postal orders are sent to soldiers of my unit from "pubs" where they were once customers than from any other source. The teetotal soldier gets very little help except from his family.—Gunner Baynes, Southampton.

★ ★ ★

Minor Army crimes meet with big penalties in some units, small in others. I can give some ludicrous comparisons. —Mrs. S. W., High Street, Downton, near Salisbury, Wilts. (*In an effort to remedy this, young officers are being invited to attend courts-martial as spectators, are asked afterwards: "What punishment would you have given?" and told where they are wrong.*—EDITOR.)

★ ★ ★

It took twelve months' hard profiteering in saccharine to bring about price control. Toy price control came after the Christmas gifts had been bought. Such laxity encourages Black Market manipulators. — A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

LEVELLERS

ALL the great things of Life are Levellers, and War is the sum total of these, for pain and death and disaster brings all mankind to its knees. In the presence of things stupendous, superficial things disappear; it's in the agony of Experience that Life's Purpose becomes crystal clear.

AND once we've got things levelled as levelled they're going to be, there'll be no going back to a favoured few, with a flippant monopoly of the cream of place and position, where Life's social spheres they decide, for in a crisis it's always the People's Might that flows in a Life-Giving Tide.

AND so in the World that confronts us we'll have to make mighty sure that the structure of our New Humanwealth will be built upon Plans to endure; that the only supreme Inheritance is Life and its Holy Stake, in making the best of Living for each one and another's sake.

J. M.

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast*.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B_1 than ½-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . . 1/5, 3/4½, 5/7½ (including Purchase Tax) Tablets

Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST . . . the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips TONIC YEAST **is LIFE ITSELF!**

What do I do . . .

before I carry out any building or construction work?

I total up the value of all building, decorating, maintenance and repair work (including war damage repairs) carried out on the property during the last twelve months, and add to this the estimated cost of the work I wish to put in hand.

If the grand total exceeds £100, I must first obtain a licence from the Regional Licensing Officer of the Ministry of Works and Buildings, whose address I can get from my Local Authority. A copy of "Notes for the Guidance of Applicants" will be sent to me on application to the Regional Licensing Officer.

Cut this out — and keep it!

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space accepted by the Nation by the Brewers' Society

THE LAST LAUGH

F. G. (Leighton Buzzard).—"I was very upset because the father of the girl I want to marry put his foot down." Never mind. It might have been worse if he had raised it.

N. P. (Ilfracombe).—"I know it was somewhat unusual for me to give notice for my son to expire on Wednesday instead of Saturday." And did he?

O. W. (Southampton).—"You are going to have good luck if a black cat crosses your path." Unless, of course, we happen to trip over it.

S. Y. (Ravensthorpe).—"I am told that my teeth are becoming bad through eating too much tinned stuff." Why on earth don't you use a tin-opener?

T. K. (Heckmondwike).—"I have used only six pairs of socks during the past two years, and there is not a hole in any of them." Then how do you manage to put them on?

D. N. (Rugby).—"The rival dance band plays in blue velvet coats, but what do you think we play in?" Tune, we hope.

J. M. (Ealing).—"I lost something very important in a thick fog the other evening." Your way?

G. L. (East Coast).—"I don't understand the laws of compensation, so if my windows and doors are blown in by bombs what do I get?" An awful draught.

B. H. (Warlingham).—"If all the railways are electrified after the war, the public will miss the old steam trains." A good many of the public do that now.

K. P. (Exeter).—"The principal boy's lines in pantomimes I have seen recently were not what they used to be." What can you expect with all this Woolton dieting?

C. B. (Manchester).—"I have saved pounds just by using my head." Shaking it firmly, we presume, when asked for a small loan.

MANAGER (Watford).—"I know of one couple who always see the programme through twice." They probably stay for the second performance to see the films.

A. T. (London, E.).—"Somebody invaded my back yard the other day and stole my washing." Which only goes to prove that washing can be lost even if it isn't sent to the laundry.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hey! Excuse, please!"

F. B. (Tottenham).—"A man I know and meet regularly is a fluent conversationalist but annoys me because he always talks over my head and at great length." They why don't you change your barber?

N. R. (Ramsgate).—"The majority of the Brains Trust recently could not say what was meant by White Papers and Blue Papers." Presumably they have never had occasion to take seidlitz powders.

G. B. (Evesham).—"A Berlin broadcast describes how Hitler saw the New Year in." That doesn't interest us. But we *should* like to learn that he hasn't seen it out.

O. D. (Gravesend).—"Salvage authorities are appealing for old rags." Many husbands whose wives have commandeered all their clothing coupons say they really can't oblige.

P. N. (Newhaven).—"For eating my young nephew takes the cake." Of course. He would hardly take it for any other purpose.

J. R. (Sevenoaks).—"I am sure you will agree that it is nice of me to send you an enlarged photograph of my bulldog." Yes, it's just like you.

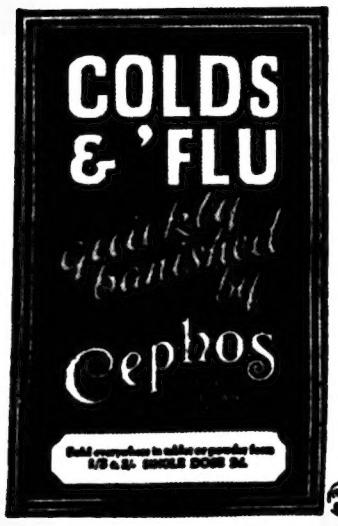
Side-Slips

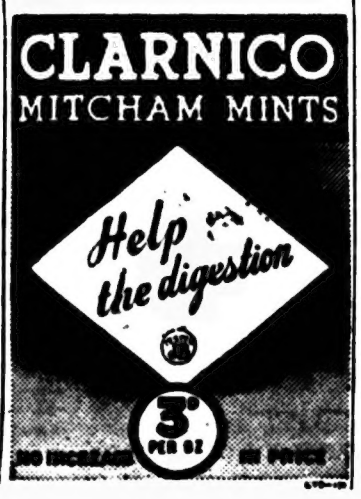
HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"About fifty German women who are to be exchanged for fifty British NATIONS now held by the Germans."

THE STAR:—"'I decided to see some of the sights before I went, but this strong London drink must have soon gone to my head, said a SUPPER charged at Highgate to-day."

Six hours on the bridge: hours of constant strain: one hour's sleep, then back again! A man needs to keep his mouth fresh, and the exhilarating foam of Kolynos sees to that. And when his ship is navigated safely to port, when the deck is level and the engines are still, the Captain relies on Kolynos for the finishing touch before he goes ashore.

For white teeth and a flashing smile — follow the fleet and use KOLYNOS.





GREATEST OF THESE

● "It grieves me very much to have to apply for help," writes Samuel Frost, of Liverpool.

In 1914 he was in the Battle of Mons.

For the past two years he has served in the A.F.S., but was discharged as medically unfit, suffering from chronic bronchitis and asthma.

Since last May his two children have been motherless, Mrs. Frost having been killed in an air raid.

This unhappy man has been struggling to maintain his children and home on a total income of 27s. a week, out of which 13s. 1d. rent has to be paid. At the moment, he is exceedingly worried over five weeks' rent arrears and a few other unavoidable debts.

Please send a donation to assist this man, who is so desperately anxious to get well and be self-supporting again.

Letters should be earmarked "Loyal," or for our General Fund, and sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

No deductions are made for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940 as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

Result of "BULLETS" 1,305
FIRST PRIZE £50.

G. Dobbs, 17, Cheveton Road, Luton, Beds.
Example: HITLER'S SLAVES
Bullet: SCAVENGERS TO-DAY—AVENGERS TO-MORROW.

£10: L. Thorpe, 906, Manchester Rd., Denton, Manchester.
Example: Serving The Nation
Bullet: Don't "Ration" Your "Zeal"!

£10: C. H. Morris, 166, Blackfield Rd., High Wycombe, Bucks.
Example: War Things Are Going
Bullet: No Man-mountain—Guns Weaponried.

£5: Mrs. Tindall, Applebigh, Hatton, Wakefield.
On The Road To Victory—"Mountain Pass"—Mountain Pass!

£4: Mrs. G. H. Bell, Carr's Ho., South Hetton, Durham.
Prizes And Wages—Same "Scale"—Or "Discord."

£3: Mrs. A. E. Ward, Holmedale, Canterbury Rd., Faversham.
On The Road To Rel—Space—Then Rels Receiving.

£3: A. C. Tuvey, 11, Gladden St., Southsea.
Conscription—Hasn't Remove Lord's "Battledress."

20s. R. Schofield, 71, Irwin Rd., Sutton, St. Helens.
In The Old Days—Rolling-pin Feared—Now, Spanner!

20s.: Mrs. M. Martin, Pirkwell, Holton Heathery.
When We Invade Germany—"Breaking Up" Unhappy "Home."

20s.: E. Yardley, 60, Hamilton Rd., Bedford Park, London, W.4.
We Laugh At Grandpa, But—Carefully—Grandpa's Been "Careful."

20s.: J. H. Slater, 13, Ashton Rd., Droylsden, Manchester.
In The Old Days—Only *Soldiering* Was "Mechanical."

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Afraid Of Nothing—Afraid Of Him. Fido!

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£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN X-WORD 257

WINNING WORDS: 1. Pass. 2. Grass. 3. Shining. 4. Gas. 5. Week. 6. Mess. 7. Add. 8. Beach. 9. Leg. 10. Team. 11. Ship. 12. Still. 13. Sent. 14. Gun.

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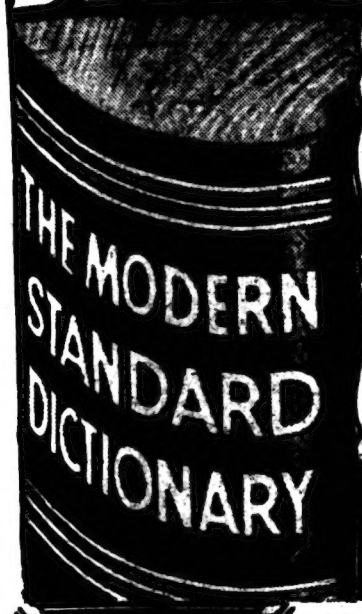

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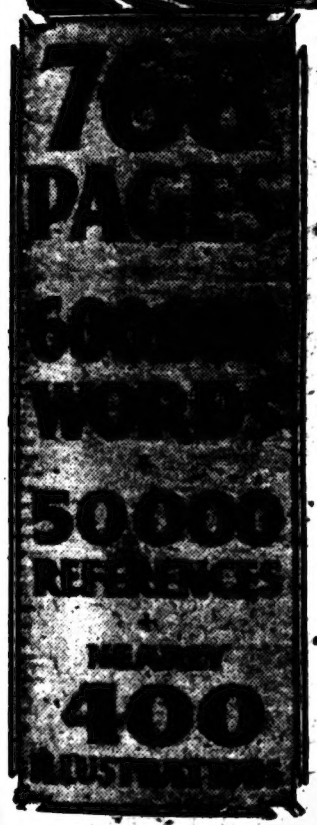

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Applies only in Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.D.1 24/1/42

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DON'T take chances with that cough. End it now by taking a dose of VENO'S *Lightning* COUGH CURE. VENO'S *Lightning* COUGH CURE is the remedy which acts up to its name. It stops coughing with the first dose, breaks up the choking accumulations in the bronchial tubes, frees the breathing, soothes the soreness, *allays the inflammation and arrests the development of dangerous germs!* VENO'S *Lightning* COUGH CURE is the great family remedy which you know you can trust. VENO'S *Lightning* COUGH CURE is *safe* for you, *safe* for your children, *safe* for the old folks, too. Yes, it is *safe* and it is *supremely effective!* It is the FAMILY Remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, 'FLU, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, CHILDREN'S COUGHS. Get a bottle without delay.

SOLD EVERYWHERE 1/4 & 3/3 Per Bottle (Inc. Purchase Tax).

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STEAD
RAZOR BLADES
IN THE WEEKLY WALLET
THE BLADES LAST LONGER
★
also SILVER STEEL RAZOR BLADES made by STEAD

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs.' It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well. Get a bottle today, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere.

£125 INCREASED CASH

FOR 'John Bull' X-WORD
1st PRIZE £100—Runner-up £25 CASH

For result of Xword No. 297, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter as coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in every Column.	5p Entry-fee for 16 Col.	5p	5p	5p
1 SOME PEOPLE MIGHT GET HOT AND BOTHERED IF THEY GOT UNEXPECTED	F V E R			
2 MAY SOMETIMES HELP TO A BETTER UNDERSTANDING	G R I			
3 COLLAPSE OF BANK OFTEN SERIOUSLY CRIPPLES	M I E R			
4 BUSINESS CARDS AT BOTH ENDS WILL QUICKLY REDUCE	W A			
5 GOOD ENTERTAINER IS CALCULATED TO PLEASE EMPLOYER	E A L			
6 RUSSIAN WITH LITTLE SENSE OF TIME MAY WELL RISE	B A T			
7 YOU EXPECT LITTLE INTELLIGENCE FROM ONE	F O L			
8 YOU NEED BRAINS TO GO FAR FOLLOWING GENERAL'S	T R A E			
9 EFFECT OF T.NT ON AN INVALID WILL PROBABLY BE GOOD	E A			
10 WILL GENERALLY HELP YOU TO STICK IT	G L E			
11 GARAGE HAND KNOWS HOW ONE WORKS	C A			
12 FREQUENTLY DUG TO PREVENT SEA INVASION	D T C H			
13 THERE ARE PEOPLE FEEL THANKFUL AT RIGHT FOR	Q U I T			
14 THEATRE-GOERS PREFER PLAY THAT HAS THIS IN IT	F R C E			

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 5 paid. Entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark—MON., FEB. 2.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

(No. 261)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xword First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. £25 Cash Award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin stamp and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated February 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and their families not eligible.

£200 for 'BULLETS'

PRIZES totalling £200

FIRST PRIZE—£50 CASH

Others £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 £1 10/- £½ £¼ £¼ £¼

When tobacco's scarce!

Some men never get the best out of their pipes. They seem unable to keep them burning evenly and coolly to the end. Result is they don't get all the pleasure they might and they waste tobacco. This is bad enough in peace time, when Four Square is fairly plentiful. It's far worse now, when supplies of top grade leaf are restricted by the war. Every one of us ought to be getting the best out of each fill. And we can, if we follow the Old Hand's hints, one of which is printed alongside.

Hint No. 2

Pack your pipe tightly enough to ensure that each strand of tobacco is close up to the next, but not so tightly that it is difficult to draw. Fill from bottom of the pouch and top the bowl off with the smallest shreds of tobacco, which light more easily than long strands.

FOUR SQUARE

"Jonas and Mr Pecksniff . . . . softly advanced towards the kitchen window through which the mingled light of fire and lamp shone upon the darkening night."

GOOD LIGHT
Characterised by Mazda

Cherry Pecksniff had no concealing blackout, and so Jonas and her father were able to look in upon her making up the household accounts — a model of industrious domesticity. Also, unlike us, she had no Mazda Lamps to give her cheerful brilliance at very low cost.

MAZDA
COILED-COIL LAMPS
The Nation's Light

Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

Boy, Oh Boy!

When Home on My Last Leave My Wife Heard Nothing But *'Yeast-Vite, Yeast-Vite, Yeast-Vite'*

——R.A.F. Station.
Nov. 17th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,—Boy, oh boy, am I a new man, thanks to Yeast-Vite!

When home on my last leave my wife heard nothing but "Yeast-Vite, Yeast-Vite, Yeast-Vite." But, believe me, I hope I shall never be without a bottle of them. I can recommend them to anyone for a genuine pick-me-up.

After having a very serious operation a few weeks ago I was terribly depressed, nervy and run-down, also sleepless. I started taking Yeast-Vite tablets and thanks to them I feel five years younger now than I did before I decided to try them.

You are at liberty to use this letter.

(Sgd.) E. W.

"I FIND THEM INVALUABLE"

Ammanford, Nov. 20th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,—Permit me to say a word or two in appreciation of your wonderful tablets.

I suffer occasionally from nervous dyspepsia and when I feel this coming on, a bottle of Yeast-Vite tablets soon puts me right again. I find them invaluable as a general all-round tonic.

(Sgd.) J. G.

"THEY ARE A BOON"

Braintree, Essex,
Nov. 18th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,—I feel I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets.

I was weak and very ill until I tried them after years of other treatment. They are a boon, so I thought I would pass the good work they have done for me on to strenuous war workers, and they thanked me for my hint and now I get them for them when shopping.

Yeast-Vite is wonderful.

(Sgd.) Mrs. E. G.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets, 7d., 1/4, 3/3 and 5/4, including purchase tax. Sold Everywhere.

I HAD a touch of 'FLU

A 'Flu attack was coming on. *She felt Shivery, Aching and downright ill!* To-day she's fit. 2½d. wrought the miracle. *She took a Beecham's Powder!* She's well to-day because this fine prescription is QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results by reason of its special powder form.

Prices in Great Britain (Inc. Purchase Tax)
Sachets of 6 Powders 1/3.
Single Powders 2½d. each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

Gum Rot!

Blood on your brush
means danger . . .

It warns you of gum-rot (pyorrhœa) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). To stop this, use Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste. The Sodium Ricinoleate it contains is what your own dentist uses for gum treatment. Use Gibbs S.R. regularly and keep firm, healthy gums.

Gibbs "S.R." TOOTHPASTE
7½d & 1/6

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